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A SCENE AT ALBANY.



QUAY STREET, ALBANY.

As the artist and his friend were one day crossing the bridge that leads from the mid-river pier over the Erie Basin to the water-side at Albany, the man of colors, who was looking around for material, as he was

accustomed to do, suddenly stopped and said:

"Wait a moment; I must have this!" and he took out his sketch-book.

"Have what?" said the friend. "Where

is it?" He looked up into the air, and around upon all sides.

"Why, *this*!" replied the artist; and, with the butt of his pencil, he indicated the wharves just south of the bridge by Quay Street.

"I see nothing there. It looks rather commonplace to me. You cannot make a picture out of that."

"Tell me, what do you see?"

"Well, a row of buildings of moderate age, a hot wharf, a collection of boats of all kinds, and a muddy river."

"Go on."

"There is nothing more, except, perhaps, three or four white steamboats at the piers, and an elevator. Possibly, you might work up the elevator."

"Why?"

"Why? because it is standing on a curious scaffolding, so that you can see the light beneath it. It is not precisely mid-air, like the Prophet's coffin, yet I should like to know why it does not shake itself down. Some of the windows are broken; the rest are covered with the yellowish dust of the corn; and through the open doors you can see endless belts and buckets going up and down. From the sides are stretched ropes and cables that look as if they were put there to keep the whole affair from tumbling itself into the river. It looks a little like a Florentine campanile, and you half expect to see a number of little bells somewhere up in the neighborhood of the roof. There is a trifling bridge from its wharf-side that supports the shafting, and over which flows the stream of corn into the stores over the way. The ground and the building tremble with the throbbing of the machinery, and you hear a tremendous thundering which is made by the struggling gearing."

"That is good. Now about the shadows."

"The shadows?"

"Yes, the shadows; or, in other words, the picture. What is the sun doing for the elevator?"

"I do not see."

"Not see! Look at the splendid flood of light that comes down and strikes every thing on the left and on the top. Do you not see that, beneath every projection, however slight, there is a patch of darkness? Those patches of darkness are what we fellows are after. They make the picture. You remember the story of the vain duchess, who thought her portrait would be better if the painter could be only made to catch the ethereal purity of her face? No? Well, she told him to paint it without the smallest shadow. The result was that the poor devil missed it. The duchess came out very flat and uninteresting, and there was a row directly. I do not remember what the upshot was. He was turned over to the halberdiers, I believe. But, if you look at the subject in question, you will see that no such fool controlled the production of that spectacle. The ragged old structure is a picture of gloom. Its surface is picked out with breaks and indentures which cause touches of pitchy blackness. It is a prize. Look at the dun shadow it casts; eh, look at it!—Come, what more do you see?"

"Oh! an ugly scaffolding, or a boom, or a—"

"Excuse me, not ugly. In this case, it is especially valuable. To be sure, it is nothing but a contrivance for swinging up coal, but I shall make something out of it. See it cant over; look at its splendid roughness, that

rope, that battered dredge, or iron bucket, or whatever they call it. Wait a moment—I have it. Now about the buildings?"

"Soulless to the last degree. They are only three stories high, and were built for trade, and are as flat as an entry-clerk's chest. So long as we are in ancient Rensselaerwyck, it is fair to hope to see something antique, especially upon the spot where the patroons must have done their trading in beaver-skins. But it is not here."

"But look, man, look. Use your eyes. Among the talents which it would be just to deprive us of, because we have never used them to the best profit, is the talent of seeing. One of the advantages which the art instructors tell us will result from instructing children how to draw, will be that of enabling them to discover pleasing and delightful combinations and effects in what they had heretofore passed by as uninteresting. You should take lessons. We drawing men see great opportunities in trifles that are absolutely useless to everybody else in the world. Just so long as a thing has a ray of light upon it it may be a jewel for us, even if it is the most abominable refuse. Come, tell me what else there is."

"Well, perhaps I should mention two long, sweeping breaks in the gray roofs and a projection over the eaves. From these projections are hanging rough ropes with immense iron hooks at the ends. In two of the open doors, through which one sees a coal interior, are two rough men lounging. From out two windows there are thrust two masts, held in their places by long lines, and from which there depend tattered canvases, signs full of ragged holes and covered with half-effaced letters of monstrous size. They are clearly sails from Mr. Coleridge's ship. They sweep backward and forward in the breeze, and their shadows play up and down the sides of the buildings like frowns upon a maiden's face—I rather like that myself."

"Bad. Go on."

"In the street there are a few people strolling along toward the steamers, whose white decks, white balconies, white guards, and white flags, make them the very pale aristocracy of crafts beside the hulking and battered canal-boats that lie in their rear. Upon one of these canal-boats is a family in calico and jean, who are attracted by and who have attracted the attention of a family in muslin and linen upon the deck of the steamer above. The two parties gaze curiously at each other, but the gypsy group begin to laugh first, and are consequently masters of the situation."

"I cannot put any thing of that kind in; please stick to the subject."

"There is no more subject; that is, unless you use a torrent of clear water which is pouring from a sewer-pipe into the unclean river; or a rabid little tug-boat that is lying beside a huge schooner, ready to bear it off bodily, or a lot of yawls that are tied up like a picket of cavalry—horses, or a shabby, patched, and precarious bridge, or a straining draught-horse on the wharf."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing—except a canal-boat with its flattened bows. It is soiled and discolored

to the last degree. In its sides are various breaks and apertures, and you feel that you would like to hear that it ran past the forts with the Hartford, or got knocked about in Mobile Bay. But I suppose its wounds were received in the locks and gates up along the Erie Canal, and that it was nothing but injudicious drinking on the part of somebody that got it, even those. I am positive that I have given it all now. I could understand how you could make a picture if there were three or four Dutch houses in the street, or a high Gothic tower in the place of the elevator, or a lot of people in Greek fishermen's costumes, or a Jersey prison-ship by moonlight in the river, but I do not see but that the present stock for your work is a little ordinary. It is dusty, ungraceful, and wooden. It is confoundedly hot standing here, too. Every thing I see is yellowish and unkempt, and there is a sort of make-shift character to all that is to be seen—such, for instance, as you might expect out in Montana. There is an entire absence of beauty and ornamentation; there are no gargoyles; no gate-ways; no dormer-windows; no romance of shape, my friend. There is nothing but a shambling water-side, a noonday flood of sunlight, a gaunt and awkward building, a throng of river-craft hugging the wharves, a confused series of shuddering reflections in the polished river-surface, and a—"

"Well," interrupted the artist, "that will do. You're a painter yourself without knowing it. You have hit the idea pretty fairly in spite of yourself. Look at my scrawl!"

FORECLOSING THE MORTGAGE.

I.

MORLEY BRIDGE, a remote and quiet town, high up among the hills, with little to boast of but a fine climate and beautiful scenery, was discovered, one summer, by a party of tourists in search of the picturesque, and from that time became a favorite resort with a certain class of summer idlers addicted to sketching and trout-fishing. The outside influence thus brought to bear upon the place during the spring and summer months, necessarily changed its character in some respects. The shops assumed a more pretentious air; a few new residences, bristling with modern embellishments of all kinds, sprang up here and there; but the everlasting hills, and the deep, mossy glens, remained the same; some quaint and dingy homes were not ashamed to be seen beside the showy villa, and still, as the season returned, the dense lilac-hedges wafted their fragrant greetings down the long, shady lanes, and the old-fashioned flag-lilies hung the white banners of the spring along the formal garden-borders.

At one of the front-windows of an old brick-house on the outskirts of the town, a woman sat one bright morning in early May, engaged in the very feminine but unromantic occupation of bonnet-making. She had a thoughtful, earnest face, but she did not wear that expression of deep and absorbing interest

which the contemplation of one's own bonnet is supposed to awaken in the female whose head is destined to exhibit the peculiarly fantastic contrivance that constitutes at once the very acme of a woman's toilet, and of a woman's ambition—namely, a new spring hat. We do not need to be told that there is nothing in Nature or art like "a love of a bonnet;" but it was evident that the pale, grave woman, under whose deft fingers the ephemeral wonder grew, had no personal interest in the coquettish crown and brim, fashioned of that ethereal flimsiness so appropriately named illusion, and adorned with a bewitching spray of moss-rose buds. The good people of Morley Bridge, to whom this retiring lady-milliner (for milliner she aspired to be, though no sign on the door proclaimed her name and calling) was little known, described her as having passed her first youth; but her severely plain though exquisitely neat mourning seemed to indicate rather that she had abandoned youth than that she had outgrown it; for, though an occasional silver thread gleamed in her dark hair, and her eyes looked heavy and dull, as though oppressed by tears never to be shed, her form was erect, and her step firm, and her fair, round cheeks still blushed with a delicate bloom. Yet, for some months past, this woman, slight and dainty as she looked, had struggled painfully with poverty, maintaining always a placid front, and uttering no complaint. In this she committed an unpardonable offence. There were in the town of Morley Bridge, as in other towns, some of those well-to-do people of blunt sensibilities, who take a selfish pride in patronizing any remnant of respectability and refinement that will abjectly confess the struggles of necessity, but who are apt to resent the dignified silence of resignation and self-respect as an insult to their wealth and importance.

Regina Mason, therefore, was not generally popular in this country-town, where she had spent many summers of her girlhood, and which she had now chosen as her home, solely because the old brick house on the edge of the wild ravine was all that remained of a once handsome fortune; and even this poor refuge was heavily mortgaged.

A dilapidated place it was, with a leaky roof and broken shutters, and containing at least four times as much room as she required for the accommodation of herself, the two little girls, her half-sisters, to whom she had long stood in the place of a mother, and the one tried and faithful servant-woman who could not be persuaded to forsake the family.

Regina knew, when her father died, that there would be little or nothing left to live upon; but she hoped that in so quiet and unpretending a place she could manage to live upon little or nothing. The extensive orchards and gardens around the old house must, she thought, supply her frugal table, and the little girls could not fail to thrive in that fine climate.

So to Morley Bridge Regina came, with her two little sisters, in the bitter February weather, and by the time the old house was made decently comfortable she found her funds considerably reduced. Then she learned that she could expect no income except what

the old place might be made to yield. No one would pay rent for so sorry a dwelling, and it was vain to offer it for sale, since, in all such cases, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer." She could only hope, as the summer approached, to realize something from the products of the orchards and gardens; but her very first attempt at selling strawberries proved the futility of this hope. Morley Bridge abounded in orchards and gardens, and fruits and vegetables were a drug in the market. Then, building some expectations upon the influx of summer visitors, she pasted on her door a neat little card setting forth that there were rooms to let; but as yet it was rather early in the season for such advertisements to attract attention, and she could not afford to wait for fortune. People asked why she did not open a school, but Regina knew that her talents were limited to millinery, and with noble independence she determined to make that her calling. She had not the capital wherewith to start a shop, but in a quiet way she published the fact that she would make and trim bonnets and caps at reasonable rates.

It was near the end of April when she made this modest announcement, and in the course of a week or two she had numerous orders; for we all know that—

"In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest,"

and probably the same soft influence of the season renders womankind more than usually susceptible to the charms of a new bonnet. No sooner did pretty little Miss Vine appear in one of Regina Mason's graceful inventions, than the whole feminine portion of the community determined to exhibit themselves in just so ravishing a bonnet. A certain, well-known "madam of quality" in particular, who still retained enough of her early good looks to warrant a womanly interest in head-gear, suddenly decided that a high crown and rolling brim would be eminently becoming to her round and rubicund visage. She had been debating the point for some days, but no sooner was her mind made up than she ordered her "chariot," as she termed, and not inaptly, the peculiar vehicle that bore her about; and, just as Regina was pinning the last moss-rose bud at its loftiest altitude, Mrs. Abby Pritchard stepped upon the porch.

A dreadful, over-managing, self-sufficient woman was Mrs. Abby Pritchard, and far too important a personage, in her own estimation at least, to be passed over without a special introduction. She was the well-to-do widow of a retired hardware merchant, who, she would herself inform you, had long ago made his fortune and gone to his rest through her good management.

She lived in a large, showy, comfortable house, in the conduct of which she continued to exercise her boasted management with rigid severity; admitting no troublesome guests, and curtailing every expense that did not minister to her own exclusive comfort and convenience. She kept an odd little carriage, so contrived that it could seat only herself and the small boy she employed to drive her sturdy donkey, for a horse, she declared, was too expensive. She was called penurious, but the most casual observer could see that,

she fared sumptuously, and clothed herself in goodly raiment; and the result of this comfortable self-indulgence was a sublime self-complacency that nothing could daunt. She had the happy faculty of attributing to herself the credit of every praiseworthy deed, and the merit of every successful undertaking; while the enviable power of forgetting her own failures and mistakes, "*le grand secret des natures fortes et créatrices*," was Mrs. Abby Pritchard's strong point. She never remembered any thing clearly, so far as she herself was concerned, except that she was always on the winning side, and at the head and front of it. She took an odd sort of satisfaction, more stupid than malicious, in repeating disagreeable remarks and recalling unwelcome reminiscences; and she had the quickest pair of eyes for a flaw or a fault to be found in Morley Bridge. The Masons called her "aunt," though, as she often reminded them, they were not related to her, and had no claim upon her; but, as she was an extremely punctilious person in trifles that concerned herself, or reflected upon her dignity, she exacted the title, so she said, as a mark of respect to the memory of her deceased husband, whose first wife was aunt to the second Mrs. Mason. Thus would Mrs. Pritchard explain to a niece the precise nature of her connection with Regina and the little girls. She had been rather proud to claim the connection when the Masons were wealthy and prosperous; but now that the poor remnant of the family were in adversity, she took a novel and by no means inferior satisfaction in the enforced relationship, urging it as a badge of authority for that dictatorial invective with which she never failed to overwhelm poor Regina whenever they met.

Regina had been taught when a girl to address the purse-proud widow as "Aunt Pritchard," but neither respect nor affection had grown out of the misapplied title. She never beheld the round, self-satisfied, arrogant little body without an ardent desire for the wings of a dove. So, when she glanced out of the window and beheld Aunt Pritchard approaching, she made haste to put her work out of the way of those sharp and searching little eyes, and was holding her hands in enforced idleness when the important dame entered the room.

"Well, Regina!" she exclaimed, in a thick, guttural voice, that accorded well with her rotundity of figure; "idle, I perceive? Well, well, to be sure, if you were well left as I am, then you *might* afford to hold your hands of a sunny morning; but I shouldn't say it is either wise or commendable in your circumstances."

Aunt Pritchard, forced to pause for breath, looked critically at all the chairs, and, selecting the most comfortable, untied her bonnet-strings, as though, in her own expressive parlance, she meant "to make a day of it." Ten days, or more, had elapsed since her last visit, for Aunt Pritchard had a prudent shyness of the Masons in their fallen fortunes, and did not often honor them with visits. She never failed to come, though, whenever she felt particularly overpowering; for Aunt Pritchard delighted in putting people down,

as she said, but she did not always find it easy to put Regina down. Sometimes, indeed, this quiet young woman could produce on Mrs. Pritchard's dull sensibilities a dim but uncomfortable impression of unassailable superiority. But the fact that Regina had become a milliner, and was actually trimming hats for such people as the Bents and the Sweeneys, gave Mrs. Pritchard, as that lady thought, an immense advantage; for, not only had Mrs. Mason now descended some steps in the social scale, which would make it impossible for her to hold airs so lofty, but, by virtue of the family connection, Aunt Pritchard expected to have her own millinery done free of cost. "I will give her the full benefit of my taste," she said, magnanimously, when she decided to patronize Regina, "and that will amply compensate for the little trouble my things will cost her."

"I have just put aside my work," said Regina, seeing that she waited for a reply; "and am resting my eyes."

"You know best, of course," continued Mrs. Pritchard, rocking herself with more vigor than grace; "but I saw those children out in the garden idling away their time. Great girls of eleven and thirteen ought to make themselves useful."

"They are only eight and eleven, Aunt Pritchard," corrected Regina.

"Well, I don't contradict myself," Aunt Pritchard replied; "but I must say, and do say, as I said before, that great girls of eight and eleven should know how to make themselves useful. But, poor things, how should they learn!"

"They do make themselves useful," said Regina, with a sigh. "Poor little things, I am obliged to make them work, and therefore I am glad to let them run in the air and the sunshine all the morning."

"Why are they not at school, I should like to know?" Aunt Pritchard asked, with severity.

"I could not afford to keep them there," said Regina, sadly.

"A false step, decidedly a false step," Aunt Pritchard said, shaking her head with an air of wisdom. "They should, at all hazards, be kept at school."

Regina thought so too, and hoped in her heart that Aunt Pritchard would offer to send them.

"I wonder at you," continued Aunt Pritchard, rocking herself, and wagging her head; "Regina, now, I really do!"

"Why, Aunt Pritchard," replied Regina, in despair, "you know you warned me that I could not afford to send them?"

"That is one of your determined—predetermined mistakes, Regina," said Mrs. Pritchard, shaking her fat forefinger warningly. "I am always disposed to be charitable, however, and so I say that statement can only be attributed to your treacherous memory. You know you have a treacherous memory. I wonder you can trust yourself to speak about things wherein others are concerned."

Regina maintained a respectful silence. She cherished a faint hope that Aunt Pritchard might yet do something for the little girls, and she was willing to bear a great deal for their sake.

"Now," proceeded Mrs. Pritchard, "I am loath to see the children of my departed husband's first consort's beloved niece growing up like wild Arabs; and so I told Dr. Hale of St. Mary's when he spoke to me on the subject; but still I said to him: 'Doctor,' said I, 'you don't know Regina; she's pretty proud-spirited, and likes to have all the credit and glory of doing for them little sisters to herself.'"

"I'm sure, Aunt Pritchard," Regina said, eagerly, "I am not too proud to accept any thing honorable for my little sisters; I never would ask any thing for myself."

"Well, then, there," said Mrs. Pritchard, drawing her chair nearer, with an air of mystery; "I am not indisposed to do a good part by these children, though they've no claim in nature upon me. But now, Regina, you know that if there is a thing in this world upon which I am precise and reliable it is caps and bonnets and the like. I like them fresh, and I like them tasty. Now, I've had evidence that you can do pretty well in that line, and, though I can afford to send to Broxville for my things, yet, whenever charity is to be served by self-denial in a matter of dress, the Lord give me grace to practise it, I say. Now, say I supply the materials, and you do them up, including the redressing of old things, such as I may have on hand; I'll give Cicely and Saidee an occasional pair of shoes, and a dress, now and then. I don't bind myself to any particular number of dresses and shoes, because I always like to leave a margin for my judgment. My late husband used to say, 'Abby,' says he, 'your judgment is remarkable,' and I never denied it. So, Regina, that's a bargain."

Some women there are, no doubt, with large heart and tender conscience, who may safely be trusted with so wide a margin for their judgment; but Regina knew that Aunt Pritchard did not belong to that class. She knew that the caps and bonnets she would be required to make would, if honestly paid for, go far toward clothing the little girls; and she did not know that "an occasional pair of shoes, and a dress now and then," would make the faintest approach to that end. But she was unwilling to offend Aunt Pritchard, who, hard though she was, might yet be moved by the pressure of circumstances to befriending the two little orphans. So, Regina, after a faint demur, consented; and then Mrs. Pritchard, whose enmity could hardly be more damaging than her friendship, proceeded to treat her victim with that selfish freedom which the poor girl's submission seemed to warrant.

"It is not often, Regina," said she, with one eye on the mirror, "that I see in you any thing I can honestly commend; and, as to commending against my conscience, you're known from a girl that it is contrary to my nature. As a rule, you are too wise in your own opinions, and too prone to go your own gait; but I must commend you for taking my advice, and starting the millinery business."

"Was it your advice, Aunt Pritchard?" said Regina, who had a strong conviction that Aunt Pritchard had sneered at her oftener than once for entertaining such a plan.

"My advice!" said Mrs. Pritchard, with

stunning emphasis; "I must say, Regina, that, for cool ingratitude, you bear away the prize. Haven't I told you, over and over again, that pride is out of place in your condition? And haven't I urged you to exercise the only talent you possess? Everybody knows, though, for I told 'em, that you started this fortunate undertaking at my suggestion. And, however little you may have deserved it, I've used my utmost influence to promote your success."

"I am much obliged to you," said Regina, meekly, but not without a secret misgiving that Mrs. Pritchard had spoken loudly against her first efforts as crude and barbarous.

"Regina, you are enough to aggravate a saint," said Mrs. Pritchard, tying her bonnet-strings; "but I suppose that now you are making money you think you can keep up your airs! Well, 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' Take heed to your ways, Regina."

"If I ever had a haughty spirit," said Regina, sadly, "it has been chastised out of me; and I do not think that I have any pride but what is just and proper."

"Wise in your own conceits, child, as you always were," said Mrs. Pritchard, indulgently. "I am not disposed to be harsh with you; I consider your wayward, ill-regulated youth."

("This is humiliating!" thought Regina, burning with indignation. "If I dared to order her out of the house!")

Mrs. Pritchard turned suddenly from the glass before which she had been coquetting with her curls, and said:

"By-the-way, Regina," I observed, as I came in, "a card on the door with 'Rooms to let.' I suppose a body may inquire what that means?"

"I should think," said Regina, forcing a smile, "that the meaning is plain enough."

Mrs. Pritchard looked at her with an air of deep insight. "It's no use giving you advice, Regina, as I know to my cost; but I am never weary in well-doing. When girls begin to creep along toward the thirties, they have need to look sharp for a settlement in life—and I don't say it's any harm to do well by one's self—but this I do say," she continued, eagerly, and raising her hand to check Regina's interruption, "that, if I had been as unfortunate as not to be married, which I was before I had counted one-and-twenty, I never should have placarded 'Rooms to let' in a town that is a known resort of gentlemen given up to idleness."

"Aunt Pritchard!" said Regina, unable longer to control her indignation, "I cannot expect to escape calumny; I must do what I can, and take the consequences; but I will not submit to such insinuations from you, nor from any one."

"Hey!" exclaimed Mrs. Pritchard, raising her fat hands in righteous wrath, "a body might suppose that you had just come into the wealth of the Indies by the way you speak to a woman of independent fortune."

"I have lost my fortune," said Regina, firmly, "but I have not lost my self-respect. I can bear a great deal; but I will not bear to have such things said to my face."

"Hear the girl!—hear the girl!" exclaimed Aunt Pritchard, with her head

thrown back, and her hands extended, as though she would address the spirits of the air. "Perhaps you forget," said she, suddenly recovering herself, and striding toward Regina with a threatening look—"perhaps you forget that there is a mortgage on this house?"

"I wish I could forget it," said Regina, sadly. "If I could feel secure of a home, I should not mind working for a support. But Mr. Deems told me he would not press me."

"Mis-ter—Deems!" repeated Mrs. Pritchard, with suppressed scorn. "Why, he's gone all to smash, and Martin—maybe, you'll remember Martin, now he's prospering—Martin, I say, holds the mortgage now."

Regina turned white with dismay. Martin Ennerslie, as Mrs. Pritchard would carefully inform you, was the nephew of the late Mr. Pritchard, her husband. He left Morley Bridge when quite a youth, to seek his fortune in the city of Broxville, where the Masons then lived. There had been an attachment between himself and Regina, but Mr. Mason had ambitious views for his daughter, and Martin was rejected. He soon engaged in some business that took him to foreign lands, and thus he disappeared from his old friends, and was forgotten by all but the two women, Regina Mason and Aunt Pritchard. Regina had never lost the remembrance of the bright, hopeful, kindly young man; and Aunt Pritchard's affection and interest revived as soon as she learned that he had acquired wealth and fame. "Fame!" said she, with noble scorn, when an old agent of the departed hardware-merchant told her the news; "what's fame to disinterested affection? Martin is Martin; but I always predicted he would make his mark." Thereupon she packed her trunk and hurried off to Broxville to welcome the wanderer, and to persuade him, if that were possible, that she had ever been his most devoted, most admiring, most indulgent Aunt Pritchard. She did not succeed in bringing him back to Morley Bridge, as she had hoped; but she established a correspondence with him, and exacted a promise that he would come in the course of the summer. From that time the stiff, money-loving dame began to take Regina's early and irresponsible treatment of Martin seriously to heart, never losing any opportunity to avenge him by word or deed.

"I don't see any occasion," she said, with well-assumed blandness, "for looking so blank. Martin is a just man and will have his rights; he never would have made his way in the world if he had not looked out for his rights, which, indeed, though perhaps I shouldn't say it, is due to my training of his talents; but you needn't pretend to think him hard, when wiser people than you believe in his charity."

("Charity," thought Regina, bitterly—"charity from Martin Ennerslie!")

"Now, as to Mr. Deems," continued Mrs. Pritchard, "why I've known of his fix this great while; so I sit me down and write to Martin. 'Martin,' I say, 'you see Deems betimes and get possession of that mortgage as a set-off against the debt he owes you'—for Deems owed everybody—'maybe you'll lose by it, maybe you'll make.' And Deems says

to Martin, he says: 'Mr. Ennerslie, I've a regard for the Mason family, and I never meant to press them myself. I suppose I can trust to your good feelings, and so I'd rather turn the mortgage over to you than to almost anybody else.' So Martin, he takes the mortgage."

Regina sighed.

"But," proceeded Mrs. Pritchard, "Deems need not think Martin is a soft-headed fool like himself, always considering other people to his own detriment; no, Martin knows that business is business. Maybe you'll think the remedy is in your own hands," continued Mrs. Pritchard, after a pause, during which she had carefully studied the set of her dress behind; "but that's more than doubtful. I'm no flatterer, and I've no desire to raise false hopes. Martin is just in his prime now, and may choose where he pleases. Times are changed since he was sweet on you; and you are nine-and-twenty, Regina, if you are a day, and you look older. Truly, you've not much time to lose."

"I shall never marry, Aunt Pritchard," said Regina, quietly.

"Well, I don't know but that it's safe to say so," said Aunt Pritchard, preparing for her departure. "I confess I don't see much chance for you under existing circumstances. It's a pity you hadn't made your hay while the sun shone. La! I remember, ten years ago I consoled Martin by saying you might do worse than take him, and I thought then I'd live to see my words come true. Well, I've no time to waste here. I'll send my maid with two of my old caps, and my last summer bonnet, which you can fix up for me by to-morrow noon. I am expecting company to dine with me at three, else I might invite you to bring the little girls to dinner. If there is any of the sponge-pudding and wine-sauce left I'll send them some. But I don't think there'll be any left."

Neither did Regina think that there would be any left; but she thanked Aunt Pritchard as dutifully as though the excuse and the promise had been made in good faith. She had long ago learned that Aunt Pritchard's invitation to dinner, which was always couched in the present potential to the little girls, and in the past potential to herself, was a mere contingent honor, against which circumstances always had conspired and always would conspire.

"I am a changed woman," Regina said to herself, when Aunt Pritchard made her exit. "I've known the time when I would have flown out at Aunt Pritchard for all the disagreeable things she said to me to-day; but," she added, with a faint smile, "I never have known the time when flying out at her would do the least good."

II.

AUNT PRITCHARD, as she rolled proudly out of the house, with her head so high she could hardly see where she was going, stumbled over two little girls sitting on the steps amusing themselves in the sunshine. The elder was stringing the fallen jasmine-stars for a necklace, and the younger was nursing a doll almost as large as herself.

Aunt Pritchard cried, "Bless me!" and

stooped to kiss the children, by way of diverting attention from her awkwardness.

The children held up their pretty, fresh faces, though they did not like to kiss Aunt Pritchard.

"Poor, neglected little orphans," said she, "I would take you to ride, but there's no room. Well, never mind, some of these days I may invite you to dine with me." And Aunt Pritchard passed on to the gate with the air of a person that has performed a benevolent act.

"Aunt Pritchard do have such a beard!" said Saidee, the younger of the two, rubbing her cheek. "I'd have a big carriage if I were in her place."

"I wonder what she will have when we go there to dinner?" said Cicely. "That dinner has been a-cooking a long time, but I do suppose it will be ready one of these days."

"I wonder," said Saidee, as though talking to herself, "if she has one on her house?"

"Has what on her house?" questioned Cicely.

"Why, a—moggidge. What is a moggidge like, Cicely?"

"A moggidge?" said Cicely. "A moggidge is a doctorment, Saidee."

"O—h!" said Saidee, much relieved. "Is that all? Why, I thought a moggidge was an awful sort of—maggot. You know I heard Regina tell our Debby that there is a moggidge on this house, and sometimes at night I thought I heard it gnawing."

"Oh, no!" said Cicely, with a pretty little air of superiority, "it's nothing like that. You did not understand. I asked Debby about it afterward, and she said, 'I can't explain it, child; it's a very expensive doctorment, and Miss Regina will never be clear of them headaches until that doctorment is in her possession.'"

"How much does it cost?" asked Saidee, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"Oh, a great deal of money," said Cicely, shaking her head gravely. "As much as ten dollars, I dare say."

"Don't you think," said Saidee, confidentially, "that if we worked very hard we could make ten dollars?"

"What could we do?" said Cicely, ruefully. "You know Regina won't let us go off the place."

"We needn't go off the place," said Saidee, triumphantly. "We can have a shop!"

"We can't have a shop with nothing to sell," objected Cicely.

"There's plenty to sell!" retorted Saidee. "There's green apples for one; nobody with any sense would scorn a green apple. We can sell 'em six for a nickel. And there's cherries, and bouquets; and you might make little round pin-cushions and wiper-pens, and paper boxes."

"But Regina would not let us?"

"But Regina need not know; we don't want her to know until we make the money and buy the moggidge."

"Well, where can we have the shop?" said Cicely, yielding to this inducement.

"Don't you know where the wistaria grows over the locust-tree? There's plenty of room next the fence for a shop, and it's so shady there. We could set up a barrel and

lay a plank on top for a counter; and we could hitch your little tortoise-shell box to a thorn on the tree to hold our money," said the inventive Saidee.

"Why, so we could!" Cicely assented, as though a great light had suddenly broken upon her.

"Then let us go straight about it," said Saidee. "It will be better than any play."

They were busy the whole afternoon; but by nightfall they had cleared the space between the bushes and the fence, set up the barrel, which with infinite labor they had rolled from the lumber-shed, and all was completed, except the finishing touches, which they could easily accomplish in the morning.

Poor Regina, burdened with anxious thought, and knowing that the little girls would not leave the garden without her permission, did not question them closely when they came in to tea, and was content to dismiss them the next morning as soon as their few tasks were over. They had risen early, and before breakfast had conveyed to "the shop" their two little chairs, and such of their small possessions as they thought would make the place attractive. They had nothing to do, now, but to set forth their wares, and this was soon accomplished.

Saidee, with her head on one side, surveyed the work admiringly for a few moments, and then sank into her little chair, saying, with charming complacency:

"Well, I've done a many things in the course of my life, but never yet any thing so nice as this. Why, it's a great deal more real than the brush-house we had by the spring, which that hateful Bill Watkins kicked over with his big foot."

"Yes, it is better than any thing we ever did," Cicely said, and sat down in her chair. As they were rather tired, they did not mind waiting a while for customers.

Their "shop" faced a street rather more public than the one in front of the house; but the few people that passed did not suspect the little commercial venture that had sprung up behind the dingy palings. They walked by, heedless of the very timid invitations that Saidee, the less timid of the two, from time to time essayed, with a beating heart, to utter. The words "Apples for sale here" died upon her lips. As for Cicely, she shrank back every time she heard a footstep, and covered her face with her hands.

"O Saidee, we'll have to give it up!" she cried, dolefully. "We're only children."

"But I won't have a *failure* at the very beginning," said Saidee, resolutely. "We must hang out a sign; that's what everybody does."

"O Saidee," said the sensitive Cicely; "what kind of sign?"

"Why, a *business sign*," said the active member of the firm. "Don't lawyers and doctors have 'em? And hasn't Regina herself got 'Rooms to let' plastered on the front-door? Fools we were, to forget that."

"Why, to be sure!" said Cicely, carried away by her younger sister's superior shrewdness. "But then, you know, Saidee," she added, dubiously, "that has been pasted on the front-door this many a day, but no room is let yet."

Saidee rubbed her ear meditatively for a few seconds, and then uttered this profound maxim:

"Every sign are better seen from the outside of a fence."

"Why, to be sure!" said Cicely, again. "But I never did think of that!"

"Now," said Saidee, "we'll paint a sign this afternoon, and put it on the outside, and people will buy."

So Saidee made a mysterious compound, the chief ingredients of which were, I believe, molasses and soot, with which she painted on a board the captivating legend:

APPELS AND BOKAYS
FOR SAIL HERE.

"Ain't that the most natural thing you ever *did* see, Cicely?" said she, holding it off at arm's length. And Cicely honestly confessed that it was, notwithstanding some doubts about the spelling, which, however, she did not express.

As the day was now far spent, they concluded not to display the sign until next morning, when they could see better to fasten it securely.

Regina thought her little sisters certainly the best little girls that ever were seen; they took such care to be punctual at meals, and were so brisk and diligent about their daily little household tasks. They rose early next morning, in order to accomplish their duties before breakfast, and could scarcely eat, so eager were they to test the efficacy of their primitive advertisement. By means of two nails and a piece of twine the little sisters slipped the talismanic board over the palings, and propped it at a most obtrusive angle with a forked stick. Then they sat down in the confident expectation of custom.

It was not long before they heard footsteps.

"Somebody's coming," whispered Saidee, excitedly. "Don't let's have no nonsense. Business is business."

Somebody was coming. A tall, gray-haired gentleman, very neatly attired, came along the sidewalk, and was immediately attracted by the sign. He was very near-sighted; for, after looking closely at the words, he took out a pair of eye-glasses and adjusted them deliberately, in order to look around him.

The little girls began to quake in their shoes at this portentous proceeding; but when the gentleman looked over the fence with a good-humored smile, and said that he would take a bouquet, their courage revived, and they handed him their little basket, that he might take his choice.

"You do not keep a very large stock on hand," said he, pleasantly, as he turned over the three or four knots of flowers.

"They fade so soon. That is, when people don't buy 'em," Saidee said, correcting herself quickly.

"I understand," replied the gentleman, smiling. "How many pins am I to pay you for this?"

"Pins?" echoed the little sisters, aghast. "Oh, sir, we sell them for money; a nickel apiece."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed the gentleman,

taking out his purse. "Very stupid of me to suppose such flowers could be had for pins. What have you besides 'appels' and 'bokays'? I think I'll take some cherries."

"Won't you buy some apples, too?" said Saidee, who felt wonderfully encouraged.

"Well, yes," he said; "green apples are so good for delicate people."

Saidee gave Cicely a pinch to make her take the money, explaining, very much to the purchaser's amusement, that "it was fifteen cents in all, as every thing was a nickel, to save trouble."

"Hope you'll call again, sir?" said she, with shy audacity, as she handed up a many-cornered package of green apples.

"Thank you; I certainly will," replied the gentleman, gravely.

When he was gone they counted their money many times, and finally deposited it in the tortoise-shell box that hung against the tree. This done, with due solemnity they fell to laughing, and then to dancing.

The near-sighted gentleman, who was evidently one of the first strangers of the season, was not their only customer. Some school-boys passed along, and laid in a supply of cherries and green apples, and one or two young ladies bought the remaining bouquets; but no one suspected the serious purpose that underlay the seeming child's-play in which the little sisters were engaged.

Punctually the next morning the near-sighted gentleman appeared. He bought a bouquet, he bought some cherries, and he ordered a little round pin-cushion that Cicely wept over because she could not stuff it evenly, but which he paid for with the air of one that buys a priceless jewel.

The weather favored the little sisters; they were enabled to keep their "shop" open for several days in succession, and in the course of that time they became quite well acquainted with the near-sighted gentleman, but they little suspected how deep an interest he began to feel in them. When he came to pay for his pin-cushion, Saidee, hoping to induce him to tell his name, gravely said:

"This is my sister, Cicely."

"Miss Cicely," said he, gravely lifting his hat, "I am most happy to know you by name."

"And I am Saidee," said the little mistress-of-ceremonies, bowing unconsciously.

"And, Miss Saidee, I am Robin Goodfellow."

"A nice name," said Saidee, with secret exultation. "Mr. Goodfellow, are you fond of pinks?"

"I am amazingly fond of pinks," he answered.

"We'll have some in a few days, and we will put two in a bouquet for you."

"Then I'll pay extra for it," said he. "By-the-way, you must be making money; pray how much have you?"

"A dollar and thirty cents!" said Saidee, with unction.

"Will you tell me what you mean to do with it?" asked the gentleman, whose curiosity was strongly excited.

The little girls looked at each other and hesitated; but presently Cicely said, slowly:

"We mean to buy a moggidge for Regina when we get money enough."

"I beg your pardon," said the gentleman, starting forward; "who is Regina?"

Then followed a sort of duet on the part of the little girls, each speaking alternately:

"Oh, she's our grown-up sister."

"The very best sister that ever was."

"She has looked care of us ever since our mamma died."

"And we don't remember—it was so long ago."

"And we are trying to make ten dollars to buy her a moggidge without her knowing any thing about it till it's bought."

"Highly meritorious," said the gentleman; "if that's your object I am, glad I encouraged you. You may make me three bouquets to-morrow. But I wish you would tell me what is a 'moggidge'?"

"We never saw one, and we don't know," said Cicely, the mild.

"We never saw one, but we *do* know," said Saidee, the positive, with a reproachful glance at her sister. "It's a sort of a—doctorment, good for the low spirits. Debby, our cook, said so."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" said the gentleman, his face turning very red with suppressed laughter. "I see—I understand: 'The sovereign' 'st thing on earth for an inward bruise.'" Then he turned away abruptly.

The next morning the three bouquets were ready betimes; but the near-sighted gentleman was not punctual as usual. The little girls climbed the fence and peered up and down the street, but could see nothing of him. He was invariably their earliest customer, and they had a superstition that he brought them luck. They began to experience a painful depression. Saidee sat down on the gravel and shed tears secretly, while Cicely ran off to a corner, hoping to catch a glimpse of their pleasant friend down another street.

"Saidee! Saidee! jump up, quick!" she cried, running back. "He's coming!"

Saidee jumped up and began to laugh, but suddenly she stopped. The near-sighted gentleman did not walk so heavily, and he never whistled.

"Cicely," she whispered, in terror, "I'm afraid that's Bill Watkins."

Yes, it was Bill Watkins. When they set up their little shop they had not counted upon him for a customer; perhaps if they had they might have lacked the courage to undertake the enterprise.

They could not take their treasures away, and they dared not leave them to the mercy of the great double-jointed boy that was approaching with such rapid strides; so they awaited their fate in silence.

The boy, a clumsy, rough-headed bully, might have passed them by unseen had it not been for the obtrusive sign-board.

"Helloa!" he exclaimed, as he came opposite to it; "what's this? A-p, ap; p-e-l-s, pels, apples. By hookey, what spellin'! 'And bokays.' That's not so bad. 'For sail here.' Hi! young 'uns! how do you sell your apples, I say? And your cherries and bokays, and the rest of them? You needn't think I've got no money; I've got more'n you'll ever make huckstering here, you bet!" He pulled

out as he spoke a buckskin purse, and flourished it above his head. "Let us have some of all your purvisions?"

Cicely and Saidee, who began to hope that they were not going to fare so badly after all, waited on their gruff customer with a good grace.

He stuffed his pockets with the cherries and apples, stuck a bouquet in his hat, and, making a frightful grimace, asked what was the bill?

"Oh, please, ten cents," said Saidee, recklessly, in her eagerness to be rid of him.

"How long have you kept this shop?" he asked, opening his purse, with tantalizing slowness.

"Oh, five days! If you would please to pay us, we must be making up fresh bouquets."

"And I'll bet you've got no license?" said he, with a threatening scowl.

"Why, n—n—o," stammered the poor little girls; "we didn't know any thing about a license."

"Nice little girls you are!" said Bill Watkins, with withering irony; "keeping shop without a license. I pay no money to any such shopkeepers, not I," continued he, putting up his purse. "It's an indictable offense. The mayor and councilmen will be down upon unlicensed shopkeepers like a thousand of brick, and away you'll go to jail, and a heavy fine to pay. It's an unpleasant duty, but I must report you to the mayor, and I'll take this sign as my witness. That's your cash-box, is it?" said he, with a covetous glance at the tortoise-shell box. "Oh, that must be confiscated." He quickly wrenched off a palling, entered the garden, and, despite the tears and entreaties of the frightened little girls, confiscated not only the cash-box, but every other piece of property that he could conveniently take away with him; and what he was forced to leave he demolished. "That's what you get," said he, as he turned to go, "for having no license. Now look sharp, or the mayor'll be after you!"

The poor little girls sank down amid the wreck and cried bitterly. The happy and prosperous five days seemed now but a beautiful dream; and so deep was their wretchedness, they scarcely felt that their kind friend, who called himself Robin Goodfellow, was more than part and parcel of that happy past. Even the dread of the mayor's vengeance was for the time forgotten in their overwhelming anguish at the destruction of their innocent hopes. They felt so forlorn and helpless that they uttered no word, but, with their arms around each other, wept in utter abandonment. It had all happened so quickly, and now the time seemed so very, very long to them; but Bill Watkins was hardly out of sight before "Robin Goodfellow" came sauntering toward his daily haunt. He had been waiting for a package in which the little girls were particularly interested, and he anticipated a more than usually pleasant hour, for he brought with him some profusely-illustrated story-books.

As he drew near he stumbled over the broken palling, and, missing the familiar sign when he looked up, he feared that something

was amiss; but, when he saw Cicely and Saidee crouching under the vines, with their aprons over their heads, he thought they were playing.

"Ha! little sisters," said he, "what is the game?"

At the sound of that well-known voice, their tears and sobs broke forth afresh; and their friend, perceiving by this time the ruin that surrounded them, began to understand that they were in trouble.

"Why, what is the matter?" said he, with real concern. "Who did all this mischief?"

"A dread—fal—wick—ed, red-haired—freckled-face boy!" sobbed Cicely, from behind her apron.

"Ate *every thing*—broke every thing—and sto—sto—stole *all* our money!" cried Saidee, with a wail of uncontrollable anguish.

"Flat burglary as ever was committed!" ejaculated the gentleman. Then, discovering the opening left in the fence, he entered, and seated himself on the wreck of the barrel.

"Poor little shop-women!" said he, compassionately, yet not without an amused smile. "How did all this happen?"

With some difficulty he elicited an account of Bill Watkins's raid, the provocation to which he could not clearly understand, owing to the fact that the little girls were unwilling to confess that they had been so wicked as to open a shop without a license. They were impressed with the idea that they had committed a dreadful crime, although they were unconscious of guilt.

"How much money had you?" asked the gentleman, when they had concluded their sorrowful story.

"One dollar and forty-five cents; and it's all, all gone; and we never shall be able to buy Regina a moggidge now."

"Don't you think," said he, with a curious smile, "that Regina can buy a 'moggidge' for herself?"

The little girls looked at him with mute, unconscious reproach, and hung their heads; the color rose and spread over their ingenuous countenances, and then Cicely said, with a marvelous dignity that exalted her a hundred-fold in the estimation of her unknown friend:

"We are not so rich."

"So!" said the gentleman, and was silent some moments. When he spoke again it was not in reference to any thing that had passed. "I wish," said he, "to stay here all summer, but I don't like my rooms; they are close and noisy. Can not you little girls tell me where I can find pleasant rooms?"

"Why, there are rooms, plenty of them, in our house!" said the little girls, beginning to smile.

"You might have known it," added Saidee, "if the sign had been on the gate outside instead of on the door." Then she suddenly changed countenance, threw her arms around her sister, and began to tremble. "Suppose she has no license, Cicely?" she whispered; "O Cicely! Cicely! what will become of us?" At this, they began to lament again; but the gentleman, with much coaxing and caressing, at last persuaded them to confide to him Bill Watkins's information as to the awful doom that awaited all those

who presumed to do any kind of business without a license.

Having heard them through with a benevolent smile: "Make yourselves perfectly easy," said he. "I do not think that Bill Watkins will inform against you, for you see we could bring an action against him for shop-lifting."

"Shop-smashing," corrected Saidee, with dignity, though still struggling against her tears.

"Which is worse, eh?" said the gentleman. "But come, little girls, let us have done with tears. I have something of importance to say. I dare say you think you know me very well, but I don't suppose that you ever suspected me to be a fortune-teller?"

"A fortune-teller!" said Cicely and Saidee, in an excited whisper.

They recoiled a little at first, but the blue eyes smiled so kindly through the gold-rimmed eye-glasses that no little girls could distrust them. They drew nearer, one on either side, and Robin Goodfellow put an arm around each.

"Yes," he said, "I am a wonderful fortune-teller, as you shall see; and the fortunes I tell always come true."

The little sisters exchanged glances. A question trembled on their red lips, and the fortune-teller thought he knew what it would be; but never was fortune-teller more mistaken. It was not their own fortune they desired to hear revealed, but—

"What will become of Bill Watkins?" they asked. Truly, revenge is strong in the female breast.

The fortune-teller rolled up his eyes and looked the personification of occult wisdom. The little girls attended with parted lips and bated breath.

"Bill Watkins," said he, slowly, "will come to a bad end, unless he mends—"

"Our shop!" interpolated Saidee, excitedly.

"—his ways," said the fortune-teller, shaking his head. "He'll never mend your shop."

Cicely looked meekly resigned; but Saidee gave an indignant sniff.

"You'll never keep shop any more," continued the fortune-teller. "Regina shall have the 'moggidge'—at this the little girls broke away and began to jump up and down—"and you will ride in a carriage."

"A big carriage?" said Saidee.

"A big carriage," repeated the fortune-teller.

There was a pause; then Cicely asked, timidly:

"Do you think, dear fortune-man, that we shall ever dine with Aunt Pritchard?"

At this the fortune-teller laughed a great laugh. He took off his eye-glasses quickly, and thrust them into his pocket, as though he was afraid something might happen to them, and then he abandoned himself to merriment. He shook all over; he held his sides; he rolled about; and finally, the *débris* of the barrel giving way, he rolled on the gravel, and lay there convulsed.

"He's got a fit!" said Saidee, walking around him at a safe distance, and giggling nervously.

"I'm afraid it's the 'stericks!' said the soft-hearted Cicely, wringing her hands. "Oh, run for some camfire!"

But the fortune-teller sat up, and said he was better. "That's a serious question you asked me," he added; "yet I think I may safely say that when Aunt Pritchard dines with you you'll dine with her. Brush me off, now, and I'll see about those rooms. But I wish you hereafter to remember that I am no longer Robin Goodfellow; my real name is Martin Enneralie." He bent a searching look upon them, but they had evidently never heard the name before. "Am I all right now?"

"You are all right, Mr. Martin Enneralie," said the little girls, and each took a hand to lead him to the house.

Aunt Pritchard was there; they heard her voice as they came under the windows:

"And as I was saying, Regina, I'm easy pleased, none more so; but those last caps won't do at all. They *should* set up with an air; instead of which they droop forward most unbecomingly, and make me appear sixty at the least. I've no notion, indeed, of getting myself up like a miss of sixteen, but two-and-forty is entitled to its rights." (As Mrs. Pritchard never was known to deny herself her just dues, except in the matter of years, she should be pardoned the deduction of a decade or so.) "I suppose you may have meant to cast a reflection upon me, but I am not to be put down in that way. If you had shown an amiable disposition to please me, Regina, I might ask you and the little girls to dine with me, but in the present state of my lacerated feelings I prefer to dine alone."

The little girls felt Mr. Martin Enneralie's hands tighten their grasp, but when they looked into his face he showed no disposition to laugh.

"I am in no humor for merriment now," said he. "I am going to see about that 'moggidge' straightway."

Regina and Aunt Pritchard sat facing the door, but Aunt Pritchard was the first to see the trio across the hall.

"Well, as I live, Regina!" said she, "you've not stuck out your sign in vain. I suppose you've caught a lodger at—oh! oh! oh! oh! Ah! mercy me!" screamed Aunt Pritchard, throwing herself about so violently that her fan and parasol flew in different directions, and her bonnet, which did indeed set up with an air, toppled down, and dangled quite ignominiously over her eyes. Regina looked up in alarm, and drew a quick breath, but uttered no sound.

"Martin Enneralie, at your service, ladies," said Mr. Enneralie, bowing, as he spoke, with a peculiar smile.

Regina rose with gentle dignity. Ten years or more had passed since she last saw Mr. Enneralie, but his presence hardly surprised her, for she had received a communication stating that she might expect him.

Meantime, Aunt Pritchard, after battling hopelessly with her unmanageable bonnet, finally jerked it off, made a dash at the tall gentleman, and clasping him in her fat arms, exclaimed, "I dreamed, last night, I saw you in your shroud!" And then she tiptoed

in such a way that Martin must have been a brute not to kiss her.

"It's a sign I am to be married," said he, gayly.

Mrs. Pritchard cast a triumphant glance at Regina, who gently invited Mr. Enneralie to sit down. But Mrs. Pritchard adjusted herself to her late husband's nephew's arm, and said, sharply:

"No; he'll go home with me.—I suppose, Martin, that you've just arrived, and not finding me at my own house, you came here to seek me?"

"No," said Mr. Enneralie; "I've been here a week."

"A week!" screamed Mrs. Pritchard, dropping his arm; whereupon he immediately dropped into a seat.

"Incog., you know," he explained, with an odd smile.

"Oh, you always would have your jokes," said she, poking him playfully with her parasol, which she had recovered. "But of course you mean to go home with me?"

"No, I don't," said he, coolly; "I came expressly to see Miss Mason."

Mrs. Pritchard recoiled; Miss Mason blushed painfully; the two little girls looked on bewildered, and tied knots in the corners of their aprons with impunity.

"Oh," said Mrs. Pritchard, recovering herself, "I suppose it is about the mortgage." (At that ominous word the little girls untied all the knots in their aprons, and essayed to smooth out the wrinkles with the palms of their hands.) "Well, business is business, and of course I'll wait."

"Thank you for reminding me," said Mr. Enneralie, taking out a huge pocket-book. "I always keep my most valuable papers with me, and here it is."

The "moggidge," the mysterious "moggidge," was actually inclosed in that stiff-looking paper! Cicely pinched Saidee, and Saidee pinched Cicely; and then with one accord they crept to the side of Mr. Enneralie, who adjusted his eye-glasses, and looked at them encouragingly.

Regina sighed; Aunt Pritchard poked the little girls with her parasol and asked what they meant by crowding her late husband's nephew; but the nephew thrust away the parasol, saying:

"Leave them alone; these little girls and I have been along acquainted, and I have discovered in them so extraordinary capabilities for business that I shall be happy to show them what a mortgage is.—Look, Cicely! Look Saidee!" he said, holding it up.

They looked. Cicely said nothing; but Saidee, with a scornful curl of her nose, exclaimed:

"And that piece of scribbling is a moggidge? I never saw any document like that before. What's it worth?"

Mr. Enneralie hesitated. He glanced from the children to Regina, whose face wore an expression of resolute endurance, and from Regina to the children again.

"I wouldn't give a quarter of a mustard-plaster for it myself," said Saidee, turning on her heel with irrepressible scorn. "Call that thing a document? It won't cure any ache in this world, I don't believe."

"Ah, Saidee! you don't know," said Martin Ennerslie, holding the paper up at arm's-length, and speaking slowly and distinctly; "there's an old ache that I hope this thing, if properly applied, will cure." With these words he deliberately tore the document down the middle.

"He's mad!" screamed Mrs. Pritchard, flying at him on one side.

"O Mr. Ennerslie, what have you done!" cried Regina, impulsively snatching his hand on the other side.

Mr. Ennerslie put Mrs. Pritchard off peremptorily, but not roughly, for he was not a rough man; but at the same time he caught and held Regina's hand so firmly that she was forced to sink on the sofa beside him.

"That is all the use I ever meant to make of it," said he, thrusting the torn and crumbled fragments between her fingers. "It was for this I got possession of it; it was for this I spent a week prowling about here, in order to learn all I could about you, free of prejudice. Chance threw me in the way of these two little sisters, in whom I saw so much of yourself reflected. O Regina! Regina! you knew I held this mortgage, and yet you could not divine what I would do with it! As if—"

"He's mad!" exclaimed Mrs. Pritchard, rolling about the room and wringing her hands. "Handcuffs and strait-jackets! he's certainly mad! A valuable mortgage! He's certainly mad! The girl's a beggar; she hasn't a penny to bless herself with, and has turned milliner besides!"

"You hear Aunt Pritchard?" said Regina, struggling to free her hands.

"Yes; I hear Aunt Pritchard," said he; "I heard her, before I came in, say she would dine alone. Exercise will give her an appetite for her solitary meal."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Martin," said Aunt Pritchard. "Regina told me in this very room; says she to me in these very words, 'I shall never marry, Aunt Pritchard!'"

"Well, I knew that all along," said Martin, turning to Regina, with a quizzical look. "I don't ask you to marry Aunt Pritchard; I ask you to marry me."

"Goodness gracious me! The audacious man!" said Aunt Pritchard, with a bounce.

"We've been over all this before, Regina, as Aunt Pritchard knows," said Martin, calmly; "and I believe that we understand each other; we are no longer sheepish young lovers—"

"No, indeed! I should say not!" exclaimed Aunt Pritchard, scornfully. "Regina's as gray as as badger."

Martin laid his hand on Regina's head, and said, softly, so that Aunt Pritchard could hardly hear:

"Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, even to the edge of doom."

"If it comes to poetry," said Aunt Pritchard, "I shall go home. The idea!" Nobody asked her to stay, and she tied her bonnet-strings so tight that she became purple in the face. "I hope," she added, in a choking voice, "that when Regina becomes Mrs. Mar-

tin Ennerslie—which she won't say 'No' to, I promise you—that she'll remember I always gave her plenty of good advice; and perhaps she'll not be too stiff, in her altered circumstances, to come and dine with me, which as yet she has never condescended to do."

"I'll come, Aunt Pritchard," said Regina; "but I think you would do better to dine with me."

"With us!" shouted Martin, with so comic an assumption of fierceness that the little girls went off in peals of laughter.

Aunt Pritchard wavered. She did not wish to acknowledge herself beaten, nor did she wish to relinquish the prospect of dining at Martin Ennerslie's table; but whatever Aunt Pritchard did, she did from the purest motives.

"Since you make a point of it," said she, "and, considering my connection with the family on both sides, and Regina's inexperience and all, I don't know but that it becomes my Christian duty to dine with you once or twice a week. And I hope Regina will remember that, as you're the nephew of my late husband, she's indebted to me, after all, for so fortunate a change in her circumstances. I've always told her, when she talked that nonsense about not marrying, that she need not despair; but she's done better than ever she thought to do, I know. Though I must say, Martin, for a man of your years, you are a most impetuous suitor. You don't bear in mind the old adage, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'"

Martin smiled. "You see, Aunt Pritchard," he said, "business is business, as you've often told me, and I had made up my mind to foreclose that mortgage without further delay."

"Cicely, this is all our doing," whispered Saidee, with immense self-importance.

The whisper caught Aunt Pritchard's ear. "Your doing?" said she, loftily. "Poor human nature! how ready it is to assume the credit that does not belong to it! Really, these children amuse me! as if any one could doubt for a moment that I brought about this happy consummation."

Nobody contradicted her, and the good lady went home quite elated.

KAMBA THORPE.

THE OUTSIDE OF A COLLEGE REGATTA.

WHAT the peculiar charm of a college regatta could be I was at a loss to determine, before I had seen one. And, although I have filled a previous gap in my experience, by journeying to Springfield, on the occasion of the third annual contest of American colleges, under the supervision of their new rowing association, I cannot say that I am yet in a position to define the attraction of such a contest, notwithstanding that I am clear as to the presence of a subtle and substantial spell in this beautiful art of skilled competitive rowing. An account of certain modest experiences, however, in witnessing so important an affair as the univer-

sity races, may not be without value, as an indirect explanation of what this spell is like.

Though something skeptical of the long preliminary dispatches about the crews in training, I read every word of them; and, before the day of struggle came, I found myself well primed with various technicalities about strokes and recovers, breadth of beam in both man and boat, "straight-away courses," and a great deal more besides; so that Heaven only knows what sort of a mixture of correct and incorrect terms I may have found accommodation for in my expanding vocabulary. I had an idea that this would all be useful to me; but the fancy proved entirely erroneous. Nothing, I am convinced, is in greater degree destructive of the more spontaneous enjoyment to be derived from a spectacle of this kind, than the possession of an elaborate information concerning the science of boating and the various strengths and weaknesses of the contestants. Of course, it is well to know these things; and I recognize, too, a certain pleasure in the balancing of chances, the estimation of probabilities from the data of detailed knowledge. But I look upon those who devote themselves to the thing after this fashion, as self-denying servants of the science, who leave the more acceptable bloom of ignorant on-looking, susceptible as it is of so much more excitement, to outsiders like myself. Fortunately, my acquisitions in this line took but slender root, after all, and left me, at the last moment, to be guided by my untutored impulses.

Every novice, also, has most probably the impression that a familiarity with the singularly ship-shape slang of boating will assist him in keeping up an appearance, on the occasion of the race itself, in the presence of those who have a genuine erudition in this field, the result of much actual observation. In my case it did not take long to disabuse the mind of this impression. Already in the course of my railroad journey toward Springfield, I observed that, to achieve the most masterly effect, one should delicately avoid all conversation about the race, until half the distance thither, at least, has been accomplished. Whoever practises this degree of self-denial, will surround himself with a very pleasant inference of profound connoisseurship. But I confess it is not easy to do so, especially if one is unable to relieve the mind of its unutterable thoughts, by decorating the person with a badge of one of the rival colleges. A great many on board of our train had resorted to this happy device; and, when we were delayed for nearly an hour, within twenty miles of our terminus, by the disabling of a baggage-car, those who issued from the forward cars looked like veterans of untold battles and brave campaigns, by reason of their numerous bits of vivid descriptive color. The greater part wore some bright badge pinned upon the coat, over the heart or thereabout; but others had steeped their very neckties in the color of their allegiance, and strapped broad bands of the same hue around their hats. Either then, or later in the day, I noticed one man cased in a white duck vest, decorated with coral buttons, which I inferred to be an additional token of his claim to have drawn into his veins a share of the

bountiful Harvard blood—that regenerating current which is so well typified in the characteristic color of magenta. But I at once selected, as an instance of more ingenious and delicate-minded loyalty to his university, a somewhat rotund but not well-to-do man, in plain dark clothes of a rough texture, who had fixed his badge high upon the vest, just under the shelter of his cut-away coat. Naturally he found it convenient to place himself frequently in a meditative attitude, with one arm thrust under his coat-skirt, in such a manner that the waistcoat and its glowing ornament were modestly revealed, as if by accident. But the effect was not at all that of an artificial modesty. On the contrary, the impression he conveyed was one of an ever-increasing good faith; he did not display his feeling too glaringly, and, when the beholder was admitted to this little colored confidence under the stranger's coat, he was insensibly persuaded that the stamp of loyalty would be found, on examination, to repeat itself on each successive layer of his clothing—being, in fact, simply printed off from the heart, at first, and so communicated in turn to each fold of the man's conventional covering. To be sure, there was an advantage of a different sort in the arrangement; for, should the wearer's favorite crew lose the race, he would have nothing to do but twist his top coat-button into its corresponding button-hole, and oppose a blank and blameless breast to the eyes of either an exultant foe or too sympathetic friend. But, perhaps he had only one coat, and, to be plain, that which he wore was not of such a fashion as to show off his colors to the best advantage, had he pinned them on the outside of it; so that, rather than concede to the pessimistic suspicion just suggested, I would hang my whole theory of the case on the single peg which would, in this case, have sufficed for his wardrobe.

Arrived on the banks of the Connecticut, all other considerations gave way to that of procuring dinner. The hotel facing the station, however, was, almost immediately on our arrival, besieged by a tumultuous throng entirely composed of men, and seeking dinner-tickets, telegrams from friends, or shelter for the coming night. The two officials behind the counter, in order to conceal the confusion which had overwhelmed their provincial minds, affected an indifference as of long experience, and succeeded in reducing themselves to a condition of nearly complete inefficiency. One could not, however, be surprised at the extraordinary scene of confusion and noise having this effect upon them. To men leading the orderly and calm executive life of hotel-clerks, the shock of such a day as this proved to be, must have been something difficult to estimate. It would hardly be strange should they never quite recover from it; and, indeed, whatever their success in life hereafter, it will scarcely be doubted, by those who witnessed their dilemma on this occasion, that a certain secret bitterness will lurk at the heart of each for many years to come. Charitably lessening the crowd, then, to the extent of two of its members, my companion and myself sought out a small neighboring restaurant, wherein to satisfy our hunger.

After spending here a few thoughtful moments in spearing with a fork some peas that furnished rotatory prefigurations of the regatta, in a shallow pool of melted butter; and, having dissected a thin flap each of stringy roast-beef, we entered the first of the special trains bound for the end of the race-course. Six or eight cars were filled before we started, the passengers choking the longitudinal passageway, and clustering upon the platforms, so that not much less than a thousand must have adventured on this first trip. Among them were a number of Columbia men wearing the colors of that college—thick twists of blue and white tulle or tarlatan wound around their hats, and trailing down a few inches behind. Other insignia also appeared—the Yale blue, the green of Dartmouth, the white of Bowdoin, Amherst's purple and white, the pretty lavender tint of the Wesleyans; and our minds began to grow accustomed to the sheeny play of varying colors of this kind, which as yet formed our only tangible image of the regatta. On the way to the finishing-point rain fell—a miserable and discouraging drizzle, though not severe. And when we were finally halted at the beginning of a rough wheel-track to the river-side, the shining surfaces of all our expectant shoes were dimmed in a trice. We set off at a run over the low meadows, and were among the first to reach the bank, a half-mile distant.

From the grand stand, the observer had within range of eye the entire course, from starting-point to finish; though the first was too far away to be clearly seen. The stretch of dull, gleaming water under a gray dome of inchoate rain appeared, from this point, comparatively short, and was, in fact, only three times as long as the breadth of the river, where we stood. But the river was a mile wide. The starting-buoys were sometimes faintly visible, sometimes not at all. Those who had remembered to bring field-glasses with them, could sweep the entire course with ease, though not with certainty always; and the rest of us, as the event proved, drew most of our knowledge concerning the race from the bulletins of the Harvard telegraph, announcing the relative positions of boats at the half-mile points.

"We talk of going to see a race," afterward remarked my friend Jerry Dogwood, who was there; "but the most striking feature of the amusement seems to me to be, that we don't see it, even when we stand beside the course over which it is rowed!"

But the telegraph was a real benefaction, and a peculiar feature which, it is to be hoped, will never again be omitted, on similar occasions. From the grand stand a steep bank sloped to the river, overgrown by bushes, and with here and there a lofty tree rising among them, and towering high above the hill-top on which we stood. A little north from the centre of the stand were two tall oaks, one of them nearer to the river than the other. A frail gallery, only two planks in width, ran boldly out from the crown of the hill, and, buttressed by the first of these opportune natural pillars, terminated in a small platform half encircling the farther trunk. On this platform was the magnetic instrument,

and the operator was seated before it. From here, too, he could command the best view of the competing crews, when they should pass before him on their way to the finish, half a mile lower down the stream. Dogwood, characteristically foraging with his eye, promptly perceived a box lying on the ground at the base of the telegraphic tree, containing stone bottles suggestive of resuscitative liquids. A napkin had been thrown carelessly over one end of it; and the scientific amateur, in his dizzy perch twenty or thirty feet above it, and busy fingering his semaphore, acquired the aspect of a provident good liver, when our attention had been called to this base of supplies.

"It looks like ale," said Dogwood, almost under his breath; "but he's probably got champagne there, too. Can't we make him stand treat?"

But the fancy proved to be only a wire-drawn one, and the ale-bottles were reduced to Leyden-jars by a more acute observer, who identified the box as an electric battery. The laugh we enjoyed at Dogwood, however, was only the first of a series of minute diversions with which we filled up the intolerable interval between our arrival and the rowing of the freshman race, which did not come off until we had been some two hours and a half upon the scene. Meanwhile I wondered at the patience of the long, dark fringe of people who hung along the low eastern shore, on foot or in carriages, or seated on the hospitable planks of the refreshment-venders. They presented as grave an appearance as if they had assembled there to receive some decree of national doom, and, at the same time, when dissociated from the object of their coming, formed a gathering at once so wretched and absurd, that I felt a disposition to laugh. I even began to doubt the reasonableness or reality of the pleasure to be derived from boat-racing. But, from the other bank, no doubt the company in which I found myself must have had very much the same effect. As for us, the occasional little showers flung down by the petulant clouds only served to nourish the seeds of a ready good-fellowship, such as is generally not far to seek, under similar circumstances. One young man near by diverted himself by scraping with his pen-knife from the coat of somebody in front the heavy dust which, despite the rain, had settled on all who had driven down the Agawam road. This he did with a look of peculiarly melancholy fun, talking plaintively to himself the while, until the man in front discovered his employment. At last, when we least expected it, the telegrapher fired a pistol, as an indication that he had just received the dispatch announcing the beginning of the freshman race. Being a disinterested spectator, I had, up to this moment, remained doubtful as to the degree of excitement I should feel in the success of the crew I was prepared to sympathize with. But, as the cards which composed the first bulletin were hung upon the tree, my spirits sank miserably on finding the Harvard freshmen registered as third and last in the race. There was no change in the positions throughout; and, when the three boats entered on the fifth half-mile, close upon us, the interest was rather less

than it had been while we had awaited the bulletins. Hundreds of feet away from us, and sliding on the flat river-surface so much below our level, we saw only three boats with six men each, whose faces could not be distinguished. The race went to Yale; and we subsided into expectation of the second and greater struggle.

The chief episode in the ensuing interval of waiting was the passage of the Yale freshmen up along our side of the river. All the bank applauded as they flew by in vibrant life, with a clean, bright rush and rest of the oars, a measured click of the sliding-seats, and then the vigorous spring of back and head, as they rose from every stroke. The long, light boat sped through the water, at their impulse, with an impetuous grace that made it seem like some gigantic bird flying so low as to dip wings and body in the heavier element, while merely holding in abeyance a breezy concentration of force that should lift it, in another moment, through the air.

But the time of real anxiety had now come upon us; and it is doubtful whether any one at this period spoke directly of the approaching trial of strength by the university crews. All sought rather to contain themselves by thinking as little as possible about it. The betting-men alone dealt directly with the issue, and a group of them near me held a lively market for a time. They were quite the ideal of betting-men, quietly fast in appearance, with unhealthy complexions—either wasted and sallow, or spasmodically florid; constantly smoking cigars; and with a certain cold, permanent nervousness impressed upon their features. There was one curious exception, however; a small man, of boyish stature, and dressed in plain and faded clothes, evidently the better suit of a small farmer. He had a boyish face, full of acute, fresh lines, and firm, fair cheeks bearing certain faint and gritty traces of a recently-shaven beard. But his forehead was large and clear, and his eyes were marvelously calm, and of a trustworthy and radiant brown. His mouth was a smiling one, though apparently a sense of unwonted surroundings had thrown some expression of more than wonted timidity into the lips.

"I don't know any thing about the crews," he said, with a beaming face. "I'm only taking the chances."

And, in fact, there was something loftily intellectual and disinterested in his whole manner, as he made his tiny ventures. He gave the neighboring town of Agawam as his residence, and was probably an ordinary little man enough to his neighbors. But there was a spark of real genius in him, plainly enough; and all the spirit of a serene, self-centred discoverer revealed itself in his quiet, resolute way of entering into the wager with these nervously-cool worldlings around him.

On the other side of me was a small, squat man, an undergraduate, who had the appearance of being a victim to the Derby hat, which he had crowded down on the back of his head with a peculiarly determined air of loafishness. He smoked cigarettes incessantly, and spat frequently during the process with singular slowness, and an expression of cumulative sagacity which was quite impressive. Nevertheless, there was some-

thing unreal about his intense calmness and deliberation which betrayed the fact that all this was merely a mode of preserving patience and equanimity until the moment when excitement should be warrantable.

Again an hour and a half were passed before the pistol announcing that the university race had begun was fired. We had been expecting to hear a cannon, the committee of arrangements having fixed upon this as the signal. But the cannon did not go off, owing to the curious circumstance of the committee having forgotten to provide one. At the sound of the pistol, however, we all leaped to our feet, and gazed mechanically up the river, though the general grayness of air and water, now deepening with early dusk, made it impossible for us to have distinguished any thing. Presently a second sharp report was heard from the telegraph-platform, signifying that the racers had put back and made a fresh start; so that we had to redote our anxiety, as it were. Then came a hush of suspense, while we waited for the bulletin of the first half-mile. In something less than three minutes it came. The telegraph-assistant raised his printed cards one by one to their places on the tree. We only wait for the first, however; it shows Harvard first in the race! Then, like a tempest, the cheering begins on our woody hill-top; and the measured, monotonous shout of the Harvard men is poured out on the motionless air: "Ra! ra! ra!" Soon the sound dies away, and there is comparative silence again, while all strain their eyes in the direction from which the boats are coming. No one makes out any thing very distinctly, and even those who have glasses are still uncertain whether they see the race. The second half-mile is rowed, and Harvard is still ahead; and the enthusiasm breaks forth afresh. But our hopes are now invaded by a faint anxiety; the luck seems too good to last. The crowd about me falls into excited discussion, and even those who believe most firmly in the approaching triumph of Harvard feel the need of at least a stormy assertion of her powers to drive away thoughts of a possible turning of the scales.

Meantime, those who maintain a lookout for the advancing boats can descry, afar off, some dark slips of brown let into the gray of the river, and catch a moment's visionary glint as of water stricken by rapid oars. Scarcely six minutes have yet elapsed since the start, but a third of the course has already been measured over. And now a third bulletin is arranged. But it consists only of alterations in the lower cards; Harvard still stands at the head of the list, and the race is half over! Every one who has a throat and a sentiment for Harvard joins in the thunder, and the deep guttural note of the triumphing university spouts forth in jets of sound uncounted and of irresistible power; so that, as we stand upon the long plank seats, we insensibly press upon them with our feet, keeping time to the cry, until the long boards swing with a regular motion, and we rise and sink with their swaying. The crews, a mile away, can by this time hear the volleyed shout, and the foremost doubtless bend to their work with a new will, in this blast of encouraging sound. The collected young

man, who sought relief in cigarettes, lifts his opera-glass, when a pause comes in the cheering; but his hands are shaking with an excitement so great that he can with difficulty adjust the optic tubes to his eyes. The racers are drawing momentarily nearer, and all the eleven contestant crews are in sight; but without a glass it is impossible to determine their position.

"Our fellows are steering awfully wildly," cries the youth, with the opera-glass at his eyes.

"Never mind," we shout, in return, with blind inspiration; "they never can lose the lead they've got."

And now it appears that the Harvard boat has shot off to the eastern side of the river, following, as we afterward learn, the current of the stream. Then the fourth bulletin appears, showing Harvard ahead and Yale next behind. The shouting is no longer with the Harvard men alone, for a wild, carousing scream from another point near us announces that the students and friends of Yale are cheering on their crew, also, in the close struggle. Two miles have been completed, but there are still many chances in the winning of the victory. For the next half-mile there is absolutely no pause in the deep, baying cheer of Harvard.

All at once, hard upon one another, and spread out over the line of the river's width, the long, gliding boats appear directly opposite us. There is but one which is very much behind, and that one, by contrast, seems absolutely to creep along almost at a standstill. The rest slide sternly on for a moment, and then go by, and are out of our reach; but not before we have remarked the strange calm of their appearance. Is it possible that we have been howling in this manner about a dozen boat-loads of men, who press so silently and coolly by us to their goal? With rare precision all the straight backs bend, the stroke is made, the body is thrown backward-a-main; and then the recover takes place again, before the next stroke. What a miracle of discipline! And how exquisite is the sight of so much and so great power so guardedly regulated, in order that no particle of the effect shall be lost! Now, indeed, one may see the beauty of this conflict at the oars, and feel that there is something about it which will not pass away with the instant of the display, as he looks at it. There is an abiding grace in this momentary vigorous motion. Long afterward, at some thoughtless moment, in surroundings perhaps the least suggestive of such reminiscences, this scene will grow again before us, with all its quick, quiet majesty—will grow up and glide away, leaving something of inspiration in the mind when it is gone. With some soothing sense of this, vaguely veiling the spectacle in a beauty beyond its present aspect, we look upon the Harvard crew, as their boat swims onward under the farther bank, with that indescribable serenity of swiftness which is like nothing else. But, in a twinkling, that reverie, which was in itself but momentary, is broken, and we are roused to a terrible sense that Yale is ahead. At least, she is so reported on our bulletin; but the boat across the stream is, so far as we can see, evidently

in advance; and this conflict between report and our own observation confuses us. The cheering has almost wholly died away; at least, so it seems in our vicinity. No one knows quite what his neighbor is doing; all are watching; and only occasional, ineffective cries of "Yale" and "Harvard" strike out under the gray and darkening sky. The faint dusk which has already begun to creep over the river is hardly needed to throw a hesitancy over our judgment of the final issue. The telegraph-operators themselves have apparently lost their presence of mind; and the assistant totters feebly at his bulletin-cards, and then desists altogether. Then, all at once, a deafening scream of "Yale!" and a turmoil of triumphant voices come from a point a little nearer the finish.

It is all over. We linger about for a moment, and look at each other.

"Too bad!" says one.

Another, whose voice is hoarse and altered from the long standing in damp garments and the strenuous cheering, says: "There's some mistake!"

The telegraph-man hastily strips down his cards; and still no relief comes in the shape of a denial that Yale has won. Then the conviction that every thing is finished comes over us all, and we break away at once and run for a wagon. There is a host of these on the ground, but all are filled in an instant. Making a fortunate scramble, we find ourselves among a wagon-load of silent and dejected devotees of Harvard. But the unsatisfactory result of the race does not altogether reconcile us to the thought of immediate death, of which, nevertheless, we seem to be in some peril, from the reckless driving which now ensues. After jolting and twisting our way through dangers of multifarious collision, and jaunting more easily over an improvised road through a tobacco-field, which happens to lie between us and the main road, we find ourselves in the Agawam turnpike, on the way to Springfield again. From each of the more northern posts of observation along the river, a similar train of vehicles to that which came from the grand stand pours out into the highway, so that we find our clumsy omnibus to be one of a concourse of carriages that must be something like two miles in length. There were fast teams and slow teams, and some must pass the others; and, at intervals, therefore, a rush was made, the line thrown into confusion, and, amid a sharp cracking of whips, some one drove ahead. The pace was never less than a trot, and frequently increased to a gallop; and the road was of such abysmal uncertainty here and there, and had such a decided convex curve of surface, that the naturally stimulant conditions of the ride were greatly enhanced. The whole movement was like that of a routed army falling back upon its base. In this case, however, we were making a strategic descent upon supper. Thousands of people were pouring simultaneously toward Springfield, each little party in the mass fearing that every thing eatable in the town would have been consumed before their arrival. The spasmodic races which thus occurred here and there along the line sometimes assumed the character of contests upon the river to

the excited imaginations of the participants.

"They're taking our water!" cries some one, indignantly, of a carriage in front.

"Forge ahead, then, and give them our wash," says another.

Once, a rickety back, driving up from behind, passed us, tilting over on the rounded road not a little, as a ship under full sail might lean before a breeze on her quarter. It was full of young women, wearing blue. Only one gentleman was with them, and he, crushed, stretched a despairing arm, clothed in brown linen, out of the window, clinging to the frame of the carriage near its top.

"Hurrah for the Yale and the blue!" sang the young women, spitefully, waving their blue streamers, as they rolled by.

But, at one point on the road, we were more kindly greeted. A young man, with dark, curly hair, and an enormous magenta rosette on his coat, stood at the door of a meek, white house, of small dimensions, shouting "Harvard!" several times. He pointed, also, to his rosette, for fear we should not have seen it. Behind him, in the obscurity of the little porch, appeared a short, gray, modest woman, in all probability his mother, who, in a quiet way, seemed to take part in the youth's freshman-like ardor. But, alas! no response was vouchsafed him from our dispirited company, and his pathetic enthusiasm was neglected. He looked just a shade disappointed, but not much, and, as we continued on our way, retired silently, with his little, wistful mother, into the small white house. Meanwhile, plunging on through dust and discord, we drew toward the end of our route. Occasional allusions were still made to Harvard's defeat, of course; and at last one of our number, who had been hardening into a more and more cynical expression all the way, muttered, gloomily, "I guess those girls from Northampton lost their gloves—betting—Harvard," and so dropped his chin morosely upon the handle of his upright umbrella, keeping it there until darkness fell, and we passed through the long, covered, and lamplit bridge leading into the city.

The four hours which followed our return—the hours from eight in the evening until midnight—were really as much a part of the race as those which had preceded. We came back with the dust of defeat upon us, only to find that, in Springfield, everybody believed Harvard to have won the victory. The crew of that university had indeed received the prize-flags, and supposed themselves triumphant; and it was not until the night was spent that the decision in their favor was reversed. But, in the interval, a surging crowd of young men, owing allegiance to Cambridge or New Haven, had rushed seething into the office and passage-ways of the Massasoit House, and there continued to sway about in ceaseless babble and agitation, questioning one another, hurrying and jostling hither and thither, and raising in conflict the cry of either rival.

When I closed my eyes, two hours after midnight, in the narrow seat of a railroad-car, amid a mass of relaxed humanity, which

sought by every contrivance to bring its limp muscles and the hard edges of the seat-backs into soporific connivance, I saw before me a vast river, filled with swift, silent boats, ever speeding past, without really advancing; shores crowded by dense ranks of spectators; the listless droop of large flags among trees, the flippant flutter of little ones on the press-steamboat, and the glimmer of gay badges in the crowd; and always the sharp spurt of smitten water, and its angry gleam beneath the oars, as the race was rowed and rowed again. The tired brain could no longer control its action, and continually reproduced, in various or exaggerated shape, the scene of the day's excitement, as our train thundered homeward through the night. After several hours of deep sleep in the flying car, I awoke. The white, rainy glare from the misty world beyond the windows announced the morning. It seemed an indefinite period since the rowing of the race. Some one in another part of the car, talking in a drowsy, daybreak sort of tone to a companion, was discussing again the topic of the struggle between Harvard and Yale.

"You see, the finish-line" . . . (the rest I lost); "and Yale's course was" . . . (again the conclusion escaped me).

Where was I? Where had I been? When did it happen? Could it be possible that I had seen and was returning from the college regatta?

G. F. LATHROP.

LACHRYMALS VERSUS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

I HAD been standing on the steps of "Stewart's," Tenth Street, while a perfect Red Sea of step-keeping regimentals passed by, and then and there my pocket was relieved of my very best laced and embroidered *mouchoir*. Now, a pocket-handkerchief is but a vulgar appendage to the dress, suggesting the uncanny need thereof, so broadly spoken out by Othello, and which must have been unpleasant to Desdemona in more ways than one.

This loss set me a thinking, till the common designation grew quite repulsive to me, and I cast about for a substitute. *Mouchoir* will not do—it is only Frenchifying the same thing. All at once it flashed upon me like a revelation—lachrymals! Is not the word an improvement? classical? suggestive? Does it not soften and elevate a common idea? Does it not carry the thought over and beyond the volcanic region of the nose, up to the beautiful stars in the heaven of the human face, where sits enthroned the language of the soul? Does it not open the world of tender romance to the mind, where the smile is just within the boundary-line of tears? Moonlight, and balconies, and fair damozels, and manly lovers, awake at the sound. Ships sail out on summer seas, and return no more. Fond wives, and noble men, and still lips, and marble brows! Margery pulls the daisies, and whispers, "He loves" (drops a leaf), and, "a little—much—passionately—not at all"—ah! the French is prettier—*un peu*—*beaucoup*—

coup—passionément—pas du tout—and we feel the tear in her gentle eyes as she repeats the last with the last daisy-leaf, and to say she put a pocket-handkerchief to her eyes is matter-of-fact, and a little vulgar; but to say she raised her lachrymal becomes tender, ideal.

Pocket-handkerchief is savagely utilitarian—monstrously suggestive of coughs and catarrhs, iron north winds, and frost-red noses; whereas a lachrymal appeals to the eyes, and hints of a tear rather than a cold in the head. Let us christen them lachrymals till such time as better harmonies shall lift us above the necessity of their use; till colds, and tears, and all manner of rheums and megrims, shall disappear; and then, if by any mischance a tear should be forthcoming, we can do as Milton's Eve did, who

"Wiped them with her hair,"

or drop them plump and round upon something we wish to efface, after the manner of Sterne's angel, who flew up to heaven's chancery with Uncle Toby's oath, and the recording angel made good use of a tear by blotting out a sin.

Tears should well from the heart in token of divine sympathies, and fall upon a lachrymal, not a pocket-handkerchief. I have sometimes been at a loss to understand how Andromache, Helen, Sappho, Aspasia, and other queens of beauty, managed their tears, having lived before the advent of the pocket—(I beg pardon) what should be called the lachrymal. As for Cleopatra, I do not believe she shed any, being of such royal make that she disdained our common way of exhibiting her trouble.

But I was led to speak of the Greeks particularly, because their noses were so uncommonly handsome; whereas, the modern nose being wiped, tweaked, and pulled, so often in its ductile state, by nurses, malignants, etc., and, in after-years, being blistered and swollen by the abuses incident to a sensual civilization, is much defrauded of its pristine beauty. Women, in particular, are strenuous Jeremiahs, and pride themselves upon the abundance of their tears.

But to the Greeks. They hadn't half the sensibility that we have. Their literature shows this. Nobody weeps over Antigone, or Clytemnestra, or our English Lear, as to that. The blood goes back to the heart, and we agonize in spirit over these creations, but do not weep. For myself, I do not readily forgive an author who makes me cry. Things that we weep over have their remedy; but the great, black tragic is irremediable, and its tears are blood.

Women in our day go up-stairs, or off into some by-place, and there cry to their hearts' content. I knew one woman of this kind who, upon a grievance, would lay a bundle of *mouchoirs* upon her lap, and then set herself to crying them sopping wet; as one after another became saturated, she hung them on the back of a chair to dry. She had very fine eyes, which did not turn red for tears, but they bleached her hair white as the hoar-frost. Now, these grand old Greek women might let fall upon occasion a tear or two, but the immoderate flow of the women of our day would have filled them with consternation. They

would not have wasted their life and beauty in useless weeping, but would have roused their energies to surmount the cause for discomfort. They hired people to do the crying, which was a good investment of money. The Irish utilize their aged cronies by employing them to wail and lament at their funerals, as the Jews did before them.

Excessive secretion from the lachrymal gland unquestionably followed the introduction of the pocket-handkerchief. Supply increases demand. Facilities for travel start everybody, as well as the school-master, abroad. Telegrams render news imperative, and we are flooded with newspapers. Photography incites the desire to see how we and our neighbors look, and women may be seen on all sides studying bits of cords, which faithfully report the decaying charms of a rival.

I might enlarge upon this ground, and show how modern crime has followed other inventions. Nobody ever heard of a pick-pocket till the tailor inserted this tempting place of deposit in our garments, and thus came the generation whose fingers have an affinity with pockets and "wipes," but the idea is trite.

Weeping, just a drop from either eye, might have been graceful in the classical ages, when a woman raised the corner of her veil, and thus indicated that a little moisture blurred the clearness of vision, or the long, flowing sleeve thus raised, when to use the veil might have disarranged the becomingness of the head-gear. These considerations explain the fact of how these Greeks kept their beautiful noses. They knew better than to indulge the melting mood—no dress could stand it. Think of a lovely Mia using her sleeve or veil as Sterne's Maria used her pocket-handkerchief, which he washed out for her in a puddle: and to spill such quantities upon the hair would have kept it damp and soppy about the neck and shoulders!

No, the classical did not weep as we do—we are assured of this by their history and dress, and most of all by their profiles. No young Alcibiades ever had his nose rubbed up and pinched by napkin or handkerchief; and as for the little Aspasia—well, talking is useless. We must think and feel, to believe. That most wondrous of nations, the Greeks, had too much imagination, and too many resources, to go round with dripping tears; no sooner did they find themselves in difficulty than with one ejaculation to Zeus, they at once hastened to rouse somebody to help them out of it. I do not believe that Sappho ever pined for any lover, or threw herself from Latmos. It is not in character. Some other woman of the name might have done both, for the majorities are weak if not wicked, but the woman who wrote—

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The favored youth who sits by thee,
And sees and hears thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile"—

never would become acquainted with defeat or despair.

The languishing vapidity of modern women makes them delight in a dreamy, half-tearful state of feeling which they imagine tender

and feminine; and they like to flourish an embroidered and belaced appendage, in proof of their refinement, and exemption from "strong-mindedness." Jeremiah, that dolorous prophet, never would have cried, "Oh, that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears!" had he lived in our day, when there would have been hazard of an inundation.

Really and verily, nothing is more vulgar than to see a woman make her appearance, pocket-handkerchief in hand. It, however choice and dainty, should be in the pocket or hung in a ring, like Goldsmith's broken teacups, which

"wisely kept for show,

Ranged on the mantel, glittered in a row."

I like the idea of the ancient lachrymals, and hence the significance of "Thou hast put all my tears into a bottle!" as sang the sweet singer of Israel. By means of a lachrymal, a tender lover could save his tears, and, having sealed them up, he might transmit them to the beloved, which would be a tribute most tender. Artists could devise pretty patterns for these lachrymals, shaped like lilies or violets; and I advise the ladies to provide themselves with these vessels, and when an author should write a pathetic story it would be a pretty image, in his mind's eye, of all his readers daintily seated and pouring their tears into a "bottle."

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE AUTHOR OF "SWALLOW BARN."

THERE seems to be something inexorable in "fashion"—the old goes as the new comes; and this is true of books, as of costume. Why is it that we lose our zest for the volume which charmed us a dozen years ago? It is not, alone, that we have grown older and changed our point of view; the "rising generation" likes no better than we do what pleased us when we were at that age; they prefer the "sensation" of Mr. Reade, the humor or pathos of Mr. Harte, and the minute delineation of George Eliot, to all the masterpieces of the past.

This obdurate "fashion" in letters is banishing Walter Scott to the upper shelves, and consigning to oblivion two great works of two American writers—the "Bracebridge Hall" of Washington Irving, and the "Swallow Barn" of John P. Kennedy. Once upon a time the reading public of England and America pored with delight over Irving's admirable picture of English rural life; and looked with scarcely less pleasure upon Kennedy's equally graphic delineation of Virginia life in "Swallow Barn." Now they read "Middlemarch," say it is "Shakespearian," and are rapidly forgetting Irving and Kennedy.

Let me speak of one of these old books, and of its worthy author—of "Swallow Barn," and the kindly, the genial, the accomplished John P. Kennedy. I wish I could convey to the friendly reader some idea of the pleasure I have enjoyed in rereading this admirable book. I knew well its author,

and hear him speak in every page; but this personal interest is secondary to the interest of the book itself. It is the most charming commingling of observation and fancy. In his early years Mr. Kennedy, though a native of Maryland, spent much of his time among his relatives in Virginia; and his quick eye, which caught every phase of character and humor, saw the possibility of making an interesting book upon Virginia life. The result in due time was "Swallow Barn"—neither a novel nor a bundle of detached sketches, but something of both—in which he succeeded in painting country-life in Virginia as thoroughly, and I will add as attractively, as Irving painted the rural life of England. His machinery was excellent and perfectly simple. The life he meant to describe was to be new and striking to the person observing it; and he is accordingly made a connection of the family from another part of the country, who comes on a visit, ascends James River, reaches the old homestead—"Swallow Barn"—in a rickety vehicle, and gazes with all the interest of a stranger upon those old Virginians whom he is going to describe from a "foreign point of view." From the moment of his arrival the visitor finds himself in another world. It is the queerest set of people, measured by the city standard—Frank Merriwether the squire, Philpot Wart the old lawyer, Mr. Chub the Presbyterian tutor, and the rest. It is every-day life, with nothing thrilling, and no tragedy whatever, only comedy. But what charming comedy! You do not so much read the mere pages of a book, as look upon a broad canvas full of humorous, graceful, eccentric, pathetic figures, each touched by the hand of a master, and "drawn from life." "Swallow Barn" is indeed a painting of the first order of merit, in which a peculiar race and epoch are drawn with photographic accuracy, with which mingles an exquisite kindliness of tone and humor. Let me praise it, so few readers of the rising generation know any thing of it. We forget our classics, and this is one of them, if we are to think with our fathers, who had read it and compared it with the great books of English literature.

The truth of the drawing in "Swallow Barn" can be estimated only by Virginians, but the literary merit of the characterization and descriptions must be seen by all readers, whether to the manner born or not. There is no doubt about the character or the personal habits of Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch;" is there less about Frank Merriwether, squire and justice of the peace, in "Swallow Barn?"

"He carries himself erect, with some secret consciousness that his person is not bad. There is a magisterial fullness in his garments that betokens condition in the world, and a heavy bunch of seals, suspended by a chain of gold, jingles as he moves, pronouncing him a man of superfluities. . . . By some sudden whim, he took it into his head to visit Washington during the session of Congress, and returned after a fortnight, very seriously distempered with politics. He told curious anecdotes of certain secret intrigues which had been discovered in the affairs of the capital, became all at once pain-

fully florid in his discourse, and forthwith discarded the *Waig* and took the *Enquirer* like a man who was not to be disturbed by doubt. . . . During three years of his life he smoked cigars in a lawyer's office at Richmond; sometimes looked into Blackstone and the Revised Code; was a member of a debating society who ate oysters once a week during the winter; and wore six cravats, and a pair of yellow-topped boots, as a blood of the metropolis. Having in this way qualified himself for the pursuits of agriculture, he came to his estate a very model of landed gentlemen."

There is the worthy lord of the manor, drawn as clearly to the eye as though he moved through the pages of Dickens. It is but a chance extract that I have made; and yet it will convey a good idea of the writer's method, and, above all, of his *tone*. This delightful atmosphere of rich, sly humor seems to surround every thing that Mr. Kennedy wrote. You see it clothing the adventurous and moving scenes of "Horse-shoe Robinson," where the writer exhibits so plainly his warm and manly sympathy with the courage, the honesty, and the homespun truth and real virtue of his stalwart blacksmith. It is as plain in "Rob of the Bowl," where the author descends again into the rough and picturesque life of smugglers and longshoremen, and in "The Annals of Quodlibet" attains its richest coloring.

That this work—"The Annals of Quodlibet"—should have been regarded as a mere political squib, and not as a masterpiece of humor, worthy to rank with the finest books of that description in the language, I confess astonishes me. I know of nothing in American letters, at least, which surpasses it. The book does not exhibit the delicate humor of Irving, but is from beginning to end the richest comedy. The characterization is extremely minute, vivid, and striking; the "cross-road politicians" of the village, the hangers-on, the "loafers," the "people's candidates," are outlined with masterly ease; and the humor is so rich and abounding that, as the reader advances, page by page, he feels an ever-increasing charm. Permit me this apparently extravagant commendation of "Quodlibet." It is a work in which Mr. Kennedy allowed his humor to revel, and exhibit, in the freest manner, its richness and strength.

The excellent Mr. Tuckerman's life of the author of "Swallow Barn," interesting as it is, does not adequately depict him, save in his more serious and purely intellectual phases. He was most remarkable as a social companion and *raconteur*. There can be no question of the striking force, energy, and acumen of his intellect; his ability to handle great questions of statesmanship, to dissect the intricacies of finance, or to administer with vigor, as he did when Secretary of the Navy, the affairs of any of the great departments of government. He was indeed a born lawyer, thinker, and statesman, with large faculties of application and insight, and the power of transacting business, public or private, with rapidity, efficiency, and completeness. He was a forcible speaker, an acute party leader, an omnivorous reader and student, an unrelenting worker with the pen in historical, bio-

graphical, political, and "occasional address" composition; and as Congressman, cabinet minister, prominent citizen, and virtual founder of the Peabody Institute, filled a great space as a "public man" in his generation. But all these claims to attention are lost sight of by those who knew him personally, and had thus come under the charm of the individual. I do not wish to write a mere panegyric, and assemble a number of flattering adjectives—only to say that the attraction of Mr. Kennedy's *talk* was indescribable. It was worth one's while to dine with him in Baltimore, or at his country-villa, on the Patapasco, where Mr. Irving used to come to see him. I have never heard finer humor, or more vivid and dramatic descriptions of men, events, scenes—all passed before you like a moving panorama, and in his talk, as in his books, was that ever-present undertone of humor, communicating the rarest charm to whatever he said, however trivial it might appear. He had an excellent voice—low-toned, distinct, somewhat measured and deliberate, and extremely unaffected and natural. His manners were of the same description—simple, very slightly reserved, but cordial, kindly, and touched, as it were, by that gentle, lurking, never-absent spirit of fun. With this low voice he "kept the table in a roar" often. Those who listened to him went away under a charm. It was a rare entertainment to read his books, but a rarer one still to listen to him as he talked, with the quiet smile upon his lips and the lurking mirth in his eyes, making his fine and intellectual face so attractive.

This distinguished gentleman, of such large and varied faculties and rich social endowments, has now passed away, and is little known to the young generation. I venture this hasty word in reference to him, not touching other traits—his kindness, his cordiality, his generous and sensitive nature, which prompted him by its impulsive sympathy to succor all who were in distress. His political opinions made him some enemies—his heart made him a host of friends. Now that political differences are forgotten, none but friends and admirers remain.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

THE DANUBE.

THE Danube is a more important river to Germany than the Rhine; and, although its banks are as rich as the latter in romantic traditions, and in landscapes of surpassing beauty, few tourists have until recently deemed it worth their while to take passage down the river from Ulm to Vienna, the portion of the river most abounding in charming scenery, and in spots of momentous historical interest.

Passing by Ingolstadt, where the cruel General Tilly breathed out his blood-thirsty soul, and by the curiously-built Benedictine Abbey of Pruffenberg, where Maria Theresa, the great Empress of Germany, built a votive chapel after her first discomfiture at the hands of Frederick II. of Prussia, you reach, amid a beautiful variety of vine-clad hills, the venerable city of Ratisbon, where

the old German Empire, in 1806, came to an end no less ignominious than well deserved, and where Napoleon, in the great campaign of 1809, received the only wound that was ever inflicted upon him by a hostile bullet. From this ancient seat of the German Diet down to Donaustauf, only the left bank of the Danube contains a few charming landscapes until you reach the point where King Louis I. of Bavaria built the magnificent Walhalla, that superb Pantheon erected to German greatness, whose beautiful and symmetrical outlines would excite unbounded admiration but for the narrow-minded and sectarian spirit which animated its royal founder, and which excluded from the niches of honor in the Walhalla such illustrious sons of Germany as John Huss, Martin Luther, and Melancthon.

The banks of the river from the Walhalla down to Straubing, a very lively city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and noted, besides its interesting historical traditions, principally as the birthplace of the gifted optician Fraunhofer, to whom science is indebted for so many important discoveries, are flat and uninteresting; but thenceforth they assume a truly charming aspect. On the left bank you see Ober-Aich, once a famous Benedictine convent, which Attila destroyed, but which soon afterward was rebuilt, and which, in the thirteenth century, became so extensive that one hundred and eighteen monks lived within its walls. A still more interesting and beautiful place on the same side of the river is Bogenberg, with a church, to which many pilgrims every year make a pious journey, and the principal curiosity of which is a piece of stone sculpture representing the Saviour, and which is reported, in the old legends of the country, to have miraculously swum up the river from Vienna to Bogenberg. Farther down, the banks of the river afford a panorama no less charming by the variety of its ever-changing and lovely landscapes than by the ruins of ancient castles, by which the country is dotted, and almost all of them are connected with legends of the times of the Crusaders, of the terrible wars between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and of the momentous period in German history when Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the present house of Austria, with an iron hand, but with unerring sagacity, restored law and order throughout the sadly-troubled empire. Next follows the curiously-shaped Natternberg, one of the greatest curiosities in Germany; and Deggendorf, with its beautiful bridge across the Danube.

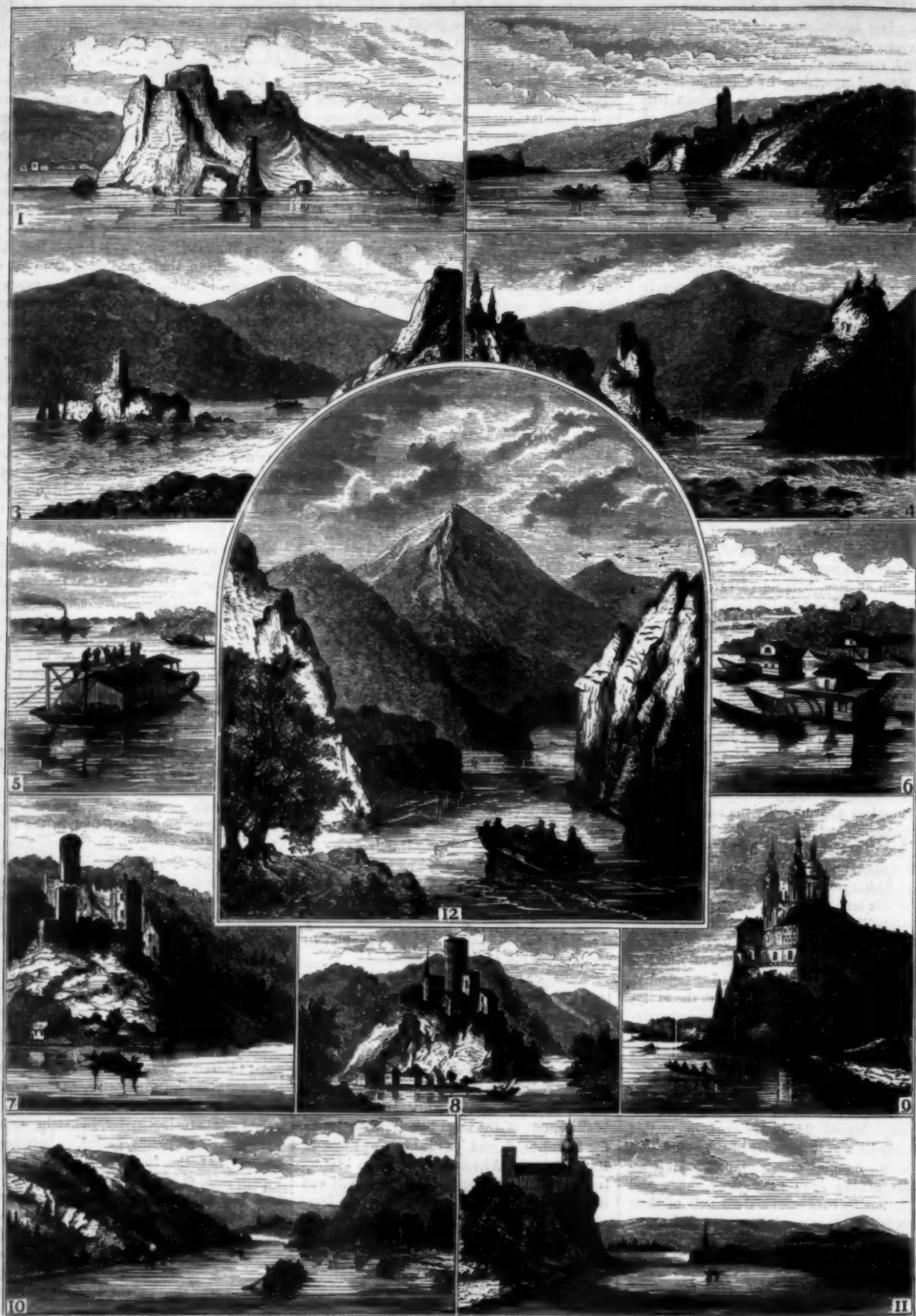
At the cathedral of Deggendorf are still preserved two sacred hosts, which, according to a legend firmly believed in to this very day by a vast majority of the population of the surrounding countries, resisted all attempts of the Jews to destroy them, and which, finally, rose from a deep well of their own accord into the air, and lowered themselves into the chalice of a priest, and became objects of the most fervent Catholic veneration. On the anniversary of the "Day of Grace," when the miracle took place, in 1337, which was celebrated by a general massacre of the Jews, there frequently assemble at Deggendorf upward of sixty thousand pilgrims, in order to avail themselves of the

indulgence granted by Innocent VIII., and which, according to the papal bull, will be valid for 378,560,000,000 years.

The hills from Deggendorf become more and more picturesque. The spot where the Isar flows into the Danube has justly been immortalized by the pencils of the most illustrious landscape-painters of Germany. Soon we pass Hochwinzer and Hofkirehen, both renowned strongholds in the middle ages, and through an ever-varying panorama of rugged hills, now vine-clad, now dotted with moss-grown ruins, finally reach the strategically and historically most important city of Passau, where the valley of the Danube assumes its grandest and most beautiful aspect. The descent of the river, in many places henceforth, is very sudden, and rapids add greatly to the charm of the scenery, but render navigation at certain seasons quite dangerous. This is especially the case at Engelhartzell and Castle Hayenbach, where the Danube becomes very wide until you reach Castle Neuhaus, where, during the terrible time of the Peasants' War, in the sixteenth century, the insurgents blockaded the river by spanning it with a tremendous iron chain six hundred feet in length. Very beautiful is the castle of Schaumburg, whence you see, at a distance, the spires of Linz, one of the most important and prosperous cities of Lower Austria. Below Linz the valley of the Danube assumes a more and more sombre aspect. Dark forests, steep, rugged mountain-walls, castles, and châteaux, combine into sad but extremely attractive landscapes, which leave an impression the more lasting upon the mind of the beholder, when, all of a sudden, he sees bursting upon his view the charming panorama of the valley of Lower Austria, with its laughing villages, its waving cornfields, and its innumerable rivulets and brooks. Among the most remarkable points between Linz and Enns are Steyereck, Ebelsberg, famous in German history on account of the heroic resistance which it offered in the tenth century to the rapacious Hungarians, Pullgarn, and the picturesque Tillysburg, with four strong towers, and with the neighboring castle of Spielberg, where Richard Cœur de Lion rested after the faithful Blondel had helped him to escape from his Austrian dungeon.

Enns is a lively city, fraught with interesting local legends, and surrounded with a wall which was erected by Leopold VI. with the twenty thousand marks silver paid as ransom by King Richard. Many Roman antiquities, among them even well-preserved sarcophagi, are found in the neighborhood. The next point of absorbing interest is Nieder-Wallser, one of the most beautiful castles on the Danube. It was founded by the Emperor Rudolph in the thirteenth century, and its interior is still in the same condition as it was six hundred years ago. The banks of the Danube now become wilder and wilder. The river narrows and widens in quick succession, the *Strudels* (rapids) frequently becoming so dangerous that navigators have to display extraordinary prudence in passing over them. The most dangerous one among these rapids is the so-called Wirbel, caused by a precipitous rock rising in the middle of the stream, and by four violent currents meeting with extraordi-

nary force from various directions. At Donaustauf, the Danube makes a bend toward the south, and then the beautiful imperial château of Pörsenberg comes in view. Here the Emperor Henry III. was once saved, according to an old tradition, in a truly miraculous manner. During his warlike expeditions against the Hungarian enemies of the empire he was hospitably received at Castle Pörsenberg by its fair proprietress, the Lady Richilda, widow of Adalbert III., of Sempt, and, in the presence of Bishop Bruno, of Würzburg, requested by her to annul the last will of her husband, who had bequeathed his whole estate to the Benedictine Convent of Ebensberg, in Bavaria. At the very moment when the emperor intended to give his hand to the lady in token of granting her request the floor broke down under his feet. Henry III., with singular presence of mind, clung to the window-frame, while Lady Richilda and the bishop perished by falling into the depth below. Next come Ips and the church of Maria Taferl, erected at an elevation of fourteen hundred feet above the sea. This church has been for hundreds of years, annually, the goal of thousands of pilgrims in quest of health and happiness under the secular old oak-tree, whose branches are said to exhale singular sanitary properties. Passing by the castle of Weitenack, one of the most interesting mediæval strongholds on the Danube, we reach the magnificent Abbey of Melk, undoubtedly the most picturesque and magnificent structure on the Lower Danube. Melk was originally the castle of a Hungarian prince, named Geisa, but, in the year 984, was transformed by Leopold I. into an abbey. It is sumptuously furnished; and its library and museum contain many curiosities and works of art of the highest value. The abbot's private chapel is adorned with thirty-four paintings by ancient German masters, which Albrecht Dürer pronounced a treasure more priceless than could be found in the vaults of the proudest monarch on earth. The abbey has been carefully preserved; it is now visited annually by thousands of tourists, who are amply repaid for their journey by the surpassingly beautiful view afforded from the roof of the abbey over the magnificent valley of the Danube. Aggsbach and Aggsstein, the ruins of an old robber-castle, next attract the traveler's attention. Aggsstein was one of the castles which the Emperor Rudolph, of Hapsburg, laid in ashes, the proprietor, a Count Schreckenwald, having amused himself for years by attacking from his stronghold peaceable caravans of merchants, and spreading terror and dismay among the peasants of the neighboring plain. After Aggsstein was rebuilt in a more pacific period, it became the property of the lords of Dürrenstein, the superb ruin, at which we now arrive. It was here that Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned for fifteen months (in 1192-1193), after having been taken prisoner by the Duke Leopold, of Austria, upon his return from Palestine. The custodian of the gallant King of England was the Knight Hadmer, of Chuenring, who, some time afterward, having been convicted of numerous highway robberies, was broken on the wheel, while his manorial seat, Dürrenstein, was leveled to the ground.



SCENES ON THE DANUBE.

1. ENNS.
2. ENGELHARDTSBERG.
3. WIESEL.
4. AGOSTEIN.

5. DANUBE BOATS.
6. DANUBE MILLS.
7. PERSENBRUG.
8. DÜRRENSTEIN.

9. MELK.
10. NEAR VIENNA.
11. KLOSTERNEUBURG.
12. BELOW LINZ.

Passing by Tullu and Stein, amid landscapes of the most lovely description, we reach Klosterneuburg, with its grand old abbey, founded by Rudolph of Hapsburg, and shortly afterward catch the first sight of the Leopoldsburg and Kahlenberg, fashionable places of resort of the Viennese, where a bend in the river all of a sudden reveals to the traveler the incomparable panorama of the imperial city of Vienna. No more beautiful terminus of the voyage down the valley of the Danube could be imagined. The river expands into truly majestic dimensions. It is dotted by numerous islands covered with the freshest of verdure. Innumerable vessels of all sizes, from the elegant steamboat and Ulmer dwelling-ships to the ancient tow-boat, enliven its blue waves, and justify the enthusiasm with which the Viennese have always spoken of their charming city and its beautiful environs.

GLANCES AT FRENCH LIFE UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.*

SECOND SERIES.

May 15, 1867.

THE emperor must have had a busy day yesterday. He held a council; then, at two o'clock, in full uniform, he went to the Brussels railway-station to meet the King and Queen of the Belgians, who have come here for three weeks; then back to the Tuileries, where there were many presentations. At six o'clock, in perfectly plain clothes, he was driving with the empress in a brougham, to see the prince imperial at St.-Cloud; then back to dinner—which is a very rapid act—and after, work and work and work.

I heard a story to-day which amused me. Some time ago a subscription was raised in France for a well-known and lately-rewarded patriot. A gentleman gave sixty francs. The day he paid his subscription, madame, his wife, said to him, "*Mon cher Charles*, we have a party to-morrow, will you go to that shop on the Boulevard which the Englishman, your friend, called his 'British Museum,' and buy me a nice salmon; if salmon is too dear—don't be too extravagant, Charles—buy a turbot." Charles went and hooked a salmon, but it got away on account of the price; he had then a run with a turbot, but that, too, cost sixty francs. He hesitated—hesitation is perdition—a gentleman stepped in and bought it under his nose, paying the sixty francs without a word. "Who may that be? I know his face." "Oh," says the fish-seller, "that is the celebrated M. de —!" "Confound him, and I have just sent him sixty francs to buy up that turbot!" Charity stopped at home in future.

Talk about difficulties! It is by no means easy to entertain—and I mean that in both senses of the word—two thousand persons, including an emperor, an empress, an imperial prince, a king, two queens, two royal

princes, grand-duchesses, highnesses, and all the diplomacy, wit, beauty, and fashion of a great city; yet that was what was not only attempted but thoroughly effected on Friday. Any person passing along the Faubourg St.-Honoré at nine o'clock would have seen that some great event was on the cards. The gate of a great hôtel wide open, and guarded jealously by that inevitable picket of police—a court illuminated by great glittering gas stars—an expectant crowd, which could by no possible combination see any thing but a carriage at a distance, or hear any thing except that exasperating "*Eh! là-bas!*" of the Paris drivers. The stream of carriages began to flow at nine, and went on till twelve, which was about high tide. The ambassador and ambassadress of England received. The British embassy is, perhaps, the finest—it certainly is the prettiest—hôtel in Paris; and it has the great advantage of opening on a garden. This night, passing through the hall and the first *salon*, you looked in vain for the familiar corridor leading to the garden. It had disappeared with the garden itself, and in their place was fairy-land. At the end a trellis, covered with ivy and creepers of every kind; in the centre, a bed of flowers and a glittering fountain; on either side, galleries lined with flowers; and above, a splendid light, without which no ball is possible; add to this a group of the best-looking and best-dressed people in Paris, and you may have a faint idea of the beauty of a scene which astonished the eyes of those who have been ball-going ever since they could run alone. Presently there is a movement, and evident interest. "The princes are come;" and the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Edinburgh, passes through to a *salon* which, till the great arrival of the evening occurred, might have been termed the depot of royalty. About eleven another excitement, and the crowd gathers round the doors which look on fairy-land and the pleasant paths that surround it. Music is heard, and presently the empress with the Prince of Wales, the emperor with the English ambassadress, the Duke of Edinburgh, and a long line of noble guests, are welcomed by the ambassador of England. Then the door was open, the *déjeuners* were released, and the festive halls absolutely flooded with royalty. The ball, opened by the Prince of Wales, now began, and from that moment became like any other very grand entertainment magnificently given, with the great advantage of a splendid scene, adorned with exquisite taste. On one side of fairy-land was a ballroom, in which Waldteufel played his wonderful dance-music; on the other was the supper-gallery. The ambassador, Lady Cowley, Lord Dangan, Lord Royston, and all the embassy, kept perpetually going to and fro seeking what they could do for the guests. Refreshments were to be had without crowd or trouble, and if any lady or gentleman thinks that Paris society does not like American drinks, that lady or gentleman is very much deceived. At one time, I think, there was the prettiest picture—a Winterhalter it should have been—which I have ever seen in a ballroom. At the end, before a glass, and in a bower of flowers, sat the empress, surrounded by her ladies in waiting,

and some of the best specimens of London and Paris beauties. On her right hand stood the emperor, with most of the royal visitors to his city; on her left a gazing crowd; while the whole ballroom was flashing with those gaudy costumes which are the ordinary toilets of to-day—their wearers whirling round to the lovely "*Faust*" waltz, with a vocal accompaniment. It was a scene wherein Paris had gathered together "her beauty and her chivalry, and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men." Two thousand hearts beat happily. I shall not attempt to tell you who made up that two thousand. The emperor and empress, Princess Mathilde, Prince Napoleon, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Queen of Portugal, Prince Oscar of Sweden, a Russian princess, a German grand-duchess, the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, the Austrian ambassador, Princess Metternich, all the other ambassadors, Madame de Rimsky-Korsakow, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, were a few of the personages that met the eye. Then there was a long list of distinguished foreigners and "commissioners." "And the supper?" you ask. Excuse me, but you are so material! Well, if you must know, it left nothing to be desired. The arrangement was admirable; in the centre was a table for royalty and diplomacy, the rest of the room was filled up with little tables for eight or ten people. A good deal of excitement was occasioned by the Prince of Wales's two prize London footmen, who wore the royal scarlet livery and waited at his table. The general impression was that they were two good-natured crowned heads who declined supping, thinking it unwholesome, and who gallantly now and again handed something to a lady. But the sensation of the evening was when the prince's pipers struck up; the French literally corked up their ears; but one who had been in England and spoke English, explained the noise, "Behold, then, one who plays a gig!" (*g* hard.) Then a cotillon, and then home in the blushing early morning.

There is again an attempt to introduce Hansom cabs into Paris. They seem well done, and would be the greatest blessing in a city where even money will not make the *Percheron* mare to go; but they never have taken, and never will take, with the Parisians. The good citizen wants room for himself and wife, and a place for the children, so takes a four-wheeler, and, putting Jacky on a seat before him, is driven along with due decorum—if I may slightly alter Hudibras. "But," you will say, "the other French cabs are good, but so slow! Suppose you are in a hurry?" "My dear sir," I reply, "the Paris citizen is never in a hurry; he never even knows when a train starts. Ask him, and he says, 'Ah! the train! Well, at two o'clock, or half-past, or three hours.' I give you my word that he will wait contentedly at a station for two hours, and then, when the train arrives, he will laugh, imitate the engine, and tell his wife that 'steam is a wonderful thing, still in its infancy.' As a rule, nobody is to his time in Paris; and if you make an appointment, the best way is to give a restaurant as a rendezvous, and order a

* "Court and Social Life in France under Napoleon III. By the late Felix M. Whitehurst." London. Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

wholesome meal to consume while you are waiting—the native fills up his time with dominoes and cigars. Again, people make such abnormal appointments. "You will always find me at my bureau from seven till nine in the morning, and from six till eight in the evening," says man of business. "But," you will say, "what does he do with his day?" I will tell you. *Déjeuner*—breakfast—does all the mischief. I believe the system of this mid-day meal to be more vicious than Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice," or "George Barnwell." If idleness is the cause of all evil, then the demon *déjeuner* is the cause of idleness, and so logically becomes the grandfather of vice. I know nothing so vexatious, after having struggled up five flights of stairs, and rung a bell, as to be told by a servant with his mouth full that "Monsieur is at breakfast!" Society must collapse sooner or later, and chaos come again, if people will dine early, or sit two or three hours at a breakfast which begins at twelve, and ends—when? Who shall say? I only know that I once met at dinner at the Café Riche an Englishman who said, "I'm afraid I have kept you waiting, but we have only just finished breakfast up-stairs;" and in the same house, when I was a younger Parisian, and accepted invitations to breakfast, I had to leave the table in order to save the evening post. I could take you to a restaurant, and show you a clique of men of business who breakfast every day from eleven till two, then toddle off to the Bourse, stay there till three, go to the club and play whist till six, when it is time to go back to the restaurant.

I told you, the other day, that "country-life" is now the fashion in France—and, of course, as a consequence, the sports of the field. I heard a delightful story yesterday. A large sporting-party were assembled at the château of a duke; they talked shooting a good deal, and bagged their game over and over at *déjeuner* and dinner, more than perhaps is fair in the society of ladies. The duchess, who is *très-fine*, heeded this conversation, and took a note of it. At breakfast, one day, there enters to the duke a *maître d'hôtel*, who whispers to him that the head-keeper has come to say that there are wild-boar in the little covert near the château. At the word *sanglier*, up started every sportsman, and the cry was, "To arms! to arms!" varied by a chorus of "What shall he have who kills the boar?" Valets were sent for in hot haste. Men donned their velvetiest coats and their baggiest knickerbockers—put on their horns and their hunting-knives; breech-loaders were charged, and on they went to action. Beaters were in waiting, and the line proceeded; pheasants rose uncared for; even woodcock could not command a shot. Hares were unheeded, and rabbits ran away laughing. "Here's the track," cries a keeper. "Here's a broken branch," says keeper of the chase—in green velvet, and a hat like the unhappy lover of Lucy of Lammemoor. On they go! "Look out!" "Boar forward!" "No, it is only a deer!" and for once venison is allowed to pass without anybody wishing to help himself. At the last corner the ex-

citement was intense. It was a favorite home covert, and, indeed, was to have been shot that afternoon; and bouquets of pheasants, and droves of ground-game, were in the last "warm corner." "Now we must have them," said M. de X—, and they did. Just as all the guns had congregated at the end of the wood, out ran squeaking with alarm a very small black sucking-pig! I have heard that the duchess was amused, but not astonished.

I am sure you will be sorry to learn that among the blockheads—so I must really call them—of a certain little set in Paris, reckless extravagance is more reckless than ever. Where it will end, who shall say? There is no reasoning with them, and they rush to their ruin with ears as dull as wax or wood. I have lived in many extravagant sets, but really this is past bearing. The puppets of which this clique consists are more overdressed, more exaggerated in "comportment," more stiff in manner, more recklessly extravagant, than ever. As to how that girl on the Boulevard des Capucines can afford that *cache-mire des Indes*, and where she got that carriage to which she is about to walk, other people may know; but, thank goodness, I know nothing. Then just look at that "thing"—thing, I call her—who is going off in an ermine cloak to the opera. Where does she get boxes and opera-glasses? Her husband, we know, is a quiet shopkeeper. There he goes out of the house with his working-dress on—working-dress a blue coat, half frock, half great-coat, high-lows, and an umbrella *d la Gamp*. You feel that he must play dominoes before two p. m. She—"the thing"—would be better at home, looking after that poor child in the cradle, who, in spite of the lace covering and the elaborate get-up of the nurse, is perhaps "Nobody's child." Turn your eyes to that scene of home-life which is next to you. For my own part, I believe that the very well-dressed lady, who has deserted width and turned to Worth and length, cheats at cards. I hate to say it, but how else does that king come to be in her lap? Let us go away. This is a far prettier sight, this mother of a family, this Cornelia, taking out all her jewels in a casket made by Mulbacher or Bonvallet. But even these, how they are all dressed! Pointe de Vénise, Indian shawls, velvet and purple and fine linen for the children. No income can stand it. That slow goer, the constable, must be distanced. But there they go out, powdered footman outside the door—it is made half a door evidently only from love of display—house-steward in black inside, two ladies'-maids, dressed even more loudly than their mistress, on the stairs, and the *bonne* in a Roman peasant's costume, which it would tax all the peasants in the Campagna di Roma to get on credit, much less pay for. Well, let them go out and drive in the Bois! An end must come to this state of society. It is early for skating costumes, because we have not begun to walk the water like things of life, for the simple reason that as yet it has not been cold enough to freeze up the convenient waters of our club—but, as I live, there is La Signorina Bambola dressed in costume already. Fur on her head, velvet on her body, purple petticoats, and more fur,

steel and leather on her feet! And then comes in a man from a milliner's. What does he here at such a time, when they all are going out? and see the laces he produces—ruin! Only to be equalled by that other ruin which that other little man will cause if they purchase his jewels. I cannot think, at the beginning of a Paris season, when shuddering society has only just escaped from its annual "torture by water" at *les eaux*, how anybody can want those two enormous trunks! Perhaps the lady is about to elope; but they seldom do that here, and never till the summer is over, and then generally "things arrange themselves" before the *jour de Pan* and the next revolving "season." That other young lady is evidently about to marry. "Don't," would certainly be the advice of any friend of the bridegroom who saw that *trousseau*. Was he married before, I wonder? It looks so, for there are two boys evidently taking leave of Madame Injusta Noverca, and are off to college. But look at their dress! Velvet knickerbockers, the stockings of cardinals, the caps of Poles, the cloaks of Magyars! And that other baby! Why, it is all open-work and lace. No; in the interests of society, I declare that an end to this period of extravagance must be put. Ruin of purse, of family affection, of household love—which is different from cupboard love—of good feeling, of honesty, of all, must ensue, if this petty but extravagant little clique is allowed to parade its follies and attract, as it will, countless imitators who pass through Lilliput, which is evidently on the road to ruin. Luckily, this clique is at present confined to a small, if very evident, circle.

March 11, 1868.

It strikes me that it may be interesting to give some description of the last new thing in cotillons. I do not, of course, refer to "under-petticoats," as perhaps you might think from looking at the dictionary. No; I speak of a pleasant pastime in which young Paris passes most of its early hours. A ball without a cotillon would be a steamer without a boiler—an angel without wings—a gun without a cartridge—would not, in fact, "go off." It is usually "Jed" by Monsieur the tame dog of the house; begins at two, and goes on till five. It is very charming, but I should say the last seventy-five minutes must be somewhat distressing. The old figures of cushions, looking-glasses, bouquets, still exist; but now we have great modern refinements. Asses' and parrots' heads, bestowed by the lady on her partner for the next waltz, have a droll effect; particularly if the bird is a lively bird, and pecks at his companion, or the ass brays amusingly. The fight for the India-rubber ball which Venus throws to the Parisians, or Parisians, is safe to produce a good scramble. The Venus, or perhaps I should say, Mademoiselle Bellona, sits in a chair, holding a target, at which each cavalier has a shot with a Chassepôt; when any one hits the bull's-eye, the lady touches a spring, and up jumps a doll. But by far the best figure of the season is one in which the lady presents the gentleman with a cracker bonbon, which they pull, and it discloses a most grotesque head-dress, in which the sufferer is

bound to dance for the rest of the evening. A period of three, four, five hours is supposed to elapse between the first sound of the *archet joyeux* which gives the first well-known notes, and the final figure which introduces the hard-earned supper. So you see balls in Paris are apt to be late, and the dancing *attaché* of each embassy, besides five thousand francs a year for gloves, one thousand francs for cabs—the Austrian embassy allows more; but there things are always done *en prince*—has an allowance of twenty hours of extra bed per week. I hope no modern Hume will rise and complain of this; for the *attachés* of our embassy, like all the rest, are really a hard-worked class, and never seem to have a disengaged hour.

Society in Paris is very pleasant, yet it is still quite as divided as it was in the days when "Pelham" was written. Not many hours ago I said to a lady, "Where are you going after this?" We were in the *salon* of a most distinguished imperialist—a man known to all Europe. "Hush!" said my friend; "we are going where we should not be allowed to enter if they knew we came from here." There is no doubt that the faubourg society is perishing from want of innate vitality; yet it dies hard, and kicks against the actual *régime* with its dying strength. Still, the social fusion has commenced. While I can say, as a fact, that certain persons were sent back to their side of the Seine, I could point out dozens of the old Legitimist and Orléanist names which have been announced this year by the servants of the Tuileries. There is only one house in Paris where everybody meets—they must, however, be known for something—and that is the Austrian embassy; which is to Paris society of all tints of politics a perfectly neutral ground.

Does it not seem like reading history when we come into close contact with those who were part of the romance of our early idle reading? I thought so this morning, when I saw, eating an ice, an elderly lady who, Lord Macaulay says, rescued Lord Byron from "wretched degradation." The lady was Madame la Marquise de Boissy, still wearing—no! actually having—hair which would make bankrupt many modern traders. She was sitting on a sofa, and talking of times when the old library at Holland House was tenanted by the great departed spirits, Sheridan, Fox, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Allen, Sydney Smith. When I left that *salon*, and went home to bed, it seemed as if I had by some means come into contact with the great departed spirits of the days when our grandfathers had the gout.

I heard a story to-day which is so good that I must repeat it; and, moreover, I can tell you that it is absolutely true. An English gentleman traveling last week in the south of France encountered a fellow-countryman, and they "got a-talking," as Mr. Samuel Weller did when he went to pay Mrs. Bardell's rent. He found that his new acquaintance was not strong in French—indeed, he was very weak, but he said he was doing all he could to learn. When they arrived at their

ultimate station they got out and began to inquire for luggage. My friend got his after an effort, but that of "Mr. Wood" could not be found. As the Wood in question was British oak, and could not explain himself, he asked my friend to act for him. He did so, and the result was no luggage for any "W." "But," at last shouted the frantic man, "there they are—two portmanteaux, one carpet-bag, one hat-box." "No, my dear sir," said his interpreter, "you really must be wrong; I have looked at that luggage. It belongs to one M. Bois." "Of course, it does," was the angry reply; "that is my name—in France; I found it in my dictionary." This is a fact, and before that poor translator gets his goods he will have to endure awful purgatory, and most likely have to pay the expenses of a commission sent over to England to examine if he really is "the English Wood traveling as the Monsieur Bois in France."

Nobody who has not lived in Paris, and had reason to visit the French *en dishabillé*, can have an idea how uncomfortable social life can be. We know a little of savages and tents, and have most of us smoked the pipe of peace, or eaten the onion of friendship, in curious cabins, wigwags, and cantonments; but I believe it is in the houses of middle-class France that one must look for real discomfort. To them, of course, it is not so; they are born to it; and men get used to any thing. At dinner you are allowed table-cloths, and even, under pressure, may obtain napkins; but at breakfast a native Frenchman and his family eat a meal, which I will not call a breakfast, off a bare deal table. The master of the house wears a *robe-de-chambre*, and carries a snuffbox which holds *deux sous à prier*; and the lady appears without that frontal decoration which fits into a box. "Madame, then, has her breakfast like a meal?" was asked in my hearing the other day; and on the same day I heard a highly-respectable *chef* say to his mistress, "The monsieur dines out; madame, then, will require little, and dine without fashion." This is pure Paris *bourgeois* life, and it is very curious.

Tuesday, July 31st.

The great heat of the weather has produced in Paris an effect purely Arcadian—simple, cleanly, comfortable, but perhaps slightly astonishing, if not even bordering on the indecent. Paris goes down to Asnières and bathes. I was coasting along the Seine yesterday, and saw the result of this picnic of pleasure and pure water. I must confess that the *vie intime* of those occupied in the waters of the Seine is a remarkable sight. There is a primitive simplicity in the idea of a staid-looking lady in a gray dress, sitting under the shade of her respectable parasol, with a veil on, and so dressed within an inch of her eyes, in the stern of a boat manned by a crew as naked as when born—save, of course, that decent garment which police rules hold to be the *sine qua non* of bathing. Boatful after boatful of people as naked as the savage of the primeval forest floated past one another, friends, male and female, saluting as they glided by; they did not take

off their hats, of course—indeed, it would have puzzled most of them to take off any thing. In one boat, a whole family was bare as the palm of my hand, except the mother, who sat looking on calmly in her Sunday best. They were not even bathing, it seemed to me, but had been washing a family of small dogs. One of these interesting animals had been lost, and, as we paused at the turn of the river, we heard the solemn requiem of the departed cur. "Sorry?" said madame; "of course, *mon ami*, I am sorry; she was positively the best of the litter! I would rather have lost you, my dear pet!" Here she looked up, but whether at the mother of her puppies or the father of her children, I, being near-sighted, cannot say. The puppy was lost, and the sorrow and repentance confessed. Well, bathing is one thing, and it seems that common decency is another.

No one, I think, can say that the Parisians are not easily amused. I was walking to-day in one of the "dangerous" quarters of the city, and, as I turned the corner of a dull and rather gloomy and unfrequented-looking street, I heard cries and shouts, saw people running—the doors were crowded with men, and the windows above with women; four trucks stopped at the corner of the street; the vender of artichokes left his barrow, and followed his last customer. Four cocked-hats and swords advanced toward the scene of the *émeute*; they looked pale and resolute; the cries redoubled, and the crowd was increased by an itinerant glazier. "It has come at last," I said to a friend with whom I was walking; "at last we have that rising of the people of France so long predicted by opposition journals." "Row, and that sort of thing," said my friend, a man of great intellect but few words; "vote we see it all." We advanced, the crowd hustling us, the excitement intense. A shriek as of one man, silence, and then a burst of applause; for a very large dog had killed a very small rat.

One of the curious sights of this strange city, the streets of which teem with amusement instead of being crowded with sombre citizens intent on business, like the thoroughfares of London and other great capitals, is the procession of weddings daily to be seen wending their jovial way toward the Bois. The system of being married—the actual binding contract, which is here kept, as it were, by "double entry," that is, first by a mayor and then by a priest—is the same for the dwellers in palaces and the inhabitants of cottages; but there is a great deal of difference in the way in which the festive ceremonies of the afternoon are celebrated. I am not writing of those superior beings whom some people call "the upper classes." Everybody knows their ceremonial, from the "blessing" down to the time when the friend of the family—probably the lover of the bride's mother; but let that pass: such accidents have arisen ere now and will arise again in this city of the Seine—puts a little wine in his glass, and hopes that "our dear child will be happy." I do not write of these willing victims of marriages of convenience;

I want to tell of humbler individuals, who are not, I presume, conveniently married, and who spend the day by the side of the "Great Lake Improper," shewing instances of regularly-married propriety. A *sergent de ville* espoused an heiress yesterday, and the display of uniform and orange-blossoms was a sight indeed. *Sergents de ville* are a race apart, and are forced to marry heiresses. A soldier in that service must give up his cocked-hat, his worsted epaulets, and his sword, if he takes to his martial bosom any young lady with a *dot* less than one hundred and twenty pounds. These parties are naturally exclusive, consequently fashionable and dull. The marriage of a soldier in the line is quite another thing. He brings three good comrades of the regiment, who, in their turn, bring three young women of their affections; they have a small drink before going to the *mairs*, and "coal again," as they used to say at "Gib," before they face the priest; then they breakfast, smoke, and sing, and so it is no wonder that, when they reach the golden gates which lead to Boulogne's Wood, they are slightly excited, and advance, the whole party, ladies and all, at a quick step, something between a *pas de charge* and a *bal-masqué* gallop. But, if you want steadiness and decorum, look at that procession: six coaches, each holding six; the bride, by sitting on the knees of hers truly, makes room for seven in that conveyance; six pairs of white cotton gloves holding the reins which do not drive or conduct twelve horses that, white from age and anxiety in respect to food, wander listlessly about, causing bad language to issue from the lips of drivers who have not been married or given in marriage that morning. What a happy party! except, perhaps, the horses; and even they may be dreaming that they may get a bucket of water and a hay-band when they reach the hostelry which is their goal. "Oh, Hymen, Hymen!" How happy they all are! The drivers are; for, having hung up their hats on the lamps, and, placing implicit faith in the venerable sagacity of their animals, they have gone calmly to sleep. The bride and the groom are happy; for the terrible ordeal, of which the profane actor in "Nicholas Nickleby" said, "It don't take long—no more does hanging one's self"—is over. The guests are happy—some asleep, and some singing; for they have breakfasted: soup, four made dishes, a *rôti*, dessert, coffee, and a glass of *cham*; and, in addition, they have had red wine, a fine, strong, heady Burgundy, some time (say a week) in bottle, not *à discretion*, but even unto indiscretion; and they have a dinner and dance in perspective. But it is when earth is covered by the dusky mantle of night—by which I mean six p.m. in winter and eight p.m. in summer—that the real wedding revelry vexes the dull ear of bachelors dining alone in the public rooms of the Diner Européen, Tissot's, the Thousand Columns, or some other house in the Palais Royal, sacred—in the *salons* of course—to the celebration of *noce*. Such a dinner! such wines! and such a *salon*! Everybody cries out to the waiter at once. The bridegroom pretends to look after his guests, and does not neglect

that mystic numeral, number one. The bride is all veil, orange-flowers, and giggle, but still retains her appetite. Everybody eats and drinks something. Grandmamma—that is she in the Norman cap—goes to sleep between the dishes, and is aroused to a sense of her possible loss by kicks and pinches given by her pet grandchild. Uncle Jules, from Amiens, is cryingly intoxicated; and the father-in-law will sing a song of lax or at least Anacreontic complexion, and easy morality, with the cheese and apples. Then comes the ball! None of your walking through figures, I promise you; but the real thing. The bride dances two hours by Tissot's clock, and then retires. Every thing being eaten and drunk, and there having been two family quarrels, everybody else goes home also; and, all being very ill next day, all are proportionally rude to their customers. That is a picture of a marriage *à la mode de Paris* in the third week of April, 1869. Scores of victims have been sacrificed on the altar of the mischievous Cupid and the foamy Aphrodite this very day, and are now wandering through the streets in pursuit of a lost appetite. Never fear; they will recover it.

Tuesday, April 22d.

The minister of his serene majesty the Emperor Tong-tchi, and Mrs. Burlingame, last night gave their second diplomatic reception and ball. It was even more celestial than the last; for there were fewer present, and, indeed, but for the stupidity of the guests themselves, who would all rush up-stairs at once, there need have been no crowd at all. The host and hostess, who received, as usual, with a most genial courtesy, had opened every room, and they danced "up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber." "I see no bedrooms," said a lady to a Chinese *attaché*; "do tell—where do you all sleep?" The *attaché*, of course, replied that, when the night was illumined with eyes of beauty, there was no sleep for the servants of the cousin of the moon. High-down, and evasive, perhaps, but pretty, and with a full Szechong flavor. As there are no Chinese in Paris, they naturally cannot go to a ball there, but Americans take their place. They are charming representatives. I am in the habit of looking into a good many ballrooms in the season—official, diplomatic, military, and civil; nay, I sometimes cross the Seine and enter into the sacred precincts of the Faubourg. But nowhere do you see such beauty as in American *salons*; almost every young American is elegant, if not positively lovely, and they do not despise the assistance of Worth. The result is, that Frenchmen who admire beauty and bankers' books, and labor under an impression that Americans and fortunes of untold dollars are synonymous, are leaving the *salons* which they were wont to frequent—*salons* in which, perhaps, toilet does exceed beauty and fortune—and are devoting themselves to "eyes, eyes, beautiful eyes, eyes in which liquid lustre swim;" thus "making infidelities"—at least, so complain the ladies who love them, and whom they used to love till they seceded from the *monde* to the New World.

CORONAT ONUS.

I.

'Twas only once; I happened to be by.
'Twas nothing.—Climbing down a steepish bank,
To pick a flower that had caught her eye;
Holding her hand to steady her while she drank
From the spring up there; or, snatching as it sank,
The kerchief she had wrapped about her throat,
One night when we were drifting in my boat.

II.

Or, once I turned her music while she sang.
It was a lovely song. I could have turned
Forever, so she sang. Her full voice rang
As though it was her heart, not mine, that burned.
I did not know it then, but I have learned
Myself to sing it since. Do you know it? "Who
Is Sylvia?" let me try it once to you.

III.

Mark the pure, perfect passion of the air,
Contrasted with the tragic undertones
Of the throbbing bass; and then this part—
compare
It with the earlier. The bass fairly moans;
But the air, more passionate, takes no note
of groans,
Soaring above. There's a rare tragedy
Or a life's sorrow in that song, to me.

IV.

But not my sorrow. What I chanced to do
Was nothing, save that it was done for her.
And, so it fell, that once I only knew
Her wish and could perform it. I infer
She does not know so much; the happier
Both she and I, since she, like babes should
take,
Nor guess how many parts her one joy make.

V.

So, there's my story. Is there still surprise
That I can count it infinitely more,
Once to have served her, even in such wise
Than to have won a maiden of the score
Of lovely ones I know; or set more store
On the unthanking gladness of her life,
Than on success in a less glorious strife?

VI.

Nay! more than this. Ah! let me rave for
once!
My life, alone and hopeless—you would say
Quite wrecked—is better than yours who en-
sconce
In happy homes sweet wives. At dark of
day
They greatly comfort you; your hair turned
gray,
They still will ease the burdens of your lives,
To loving husbands very loving wives.

VII.

I shall grow old alone. And better so,
For she I loved is more than all of these.
To have loved her is its recompense, I know,
A better joy than firesides of ease,
A rarer bliss than fond wives' ministries.
'Twere almost so if I had never lent
My queen one joy. I have and am content.

MISCELLANY.

VISIT TO TITIAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

WE reached Pieve di Cadore about half-past eleven A. M., delays included, and found the *albergo* quite as indifferent as its reputation. It was very small, very dirty, and crowded with peasants eating, drinking, and smoking. Going up-stairs in search of some corner where we might leave our wraps and by-and-by take luncheon apart, we found the bedrooms so objectionable that we decided to occupy the landing. It was a comfortable place, crowded with lumber, and only a shade more airy than the rest of the house. A space was cleared, however; a couple of seats were borrowed from a neighboring room; and the top of a great carved *casone*, or linen-chest, was made to serve for a table. Having ordered some food to be ready by one o'clock (it being now nearly eleven) we then hastened out to see the sights of the place. The landlady's youngest daughter, an officious little girl of about twelve, volunteered as guide, and, being rejected, followed us pertinaciously from a distance.

The quaint old piazza, with its gloomy arcades, its antique houses with Venetian windows, its *cafes*, its fountain, and its loungers, is just like the piazzas of Serravalle, Longarone, and other provincial towns of the same epoch. With its picturesque *Prefettura* and belfry-tower one is already familiar in the pages of Gilbert's "Cadore." There, too, is the fine old double flight of steps leading up to the principal entrance on the first floor, as in the town-hall at Heilbrunn—a feature by no means Italian; and there, about midway up the shaft of the campanile, is the great, gaudy, well-remembered fresco, better meant than painted, wherein Titian, some twelve feet in height, robed and bearded, stands out against an ultramarine background, looking very like the portrait of a caravan giant at a fair.

This picture—a gift to the commune of Cadore from the artist who painted it—is now the only mural fresco in the town. Some years ago, one of the old houses in the piazza, now ruthlessly whitewashed, is said to have borne distinct traces of external decorations by Cesare Vecellio, the cousin and pupil of Titian.

Turning aside from the glowing piazza, and following the downward slope of a hill to the left of the *Prefettura*, we come, at the distance of only a few yards, upon another open space, grassy and solitary, surrounded on three sides by rambling, dilapidated-looking houses, and opening on the fourth to a vista of woods and mountains.

In the midst of this little piazza stands a massive stone fountain, time-worn and water-worn, surmounted by a statue of Saint Tiziano in the robes and square cap of an ecclesiastic. The water, trickling through two metal pipes in the pedestal beneath Saint Tiziano's feet, makes a pleasant murmuring in the old stone basin; while, half hidden behind this fountain, and leaning up as if for shelter against a larger house adjoining, stands a small whitewashed cottage, upon the side-wall of which an incised tablet bears the following record:*

NEL MCCCCLXXVII
FRA QUESTE VMILI MURA
TIZIANO VECELLIO
VENE A CELEBRAR VITA
DONDE TRIOVA GIA PRESSO A CENTO ANNI
IN VENEZIA
ADDI XXVII AGOSTO
MDLXXVI.

* In the (year) MCCCCLXXVII, within these humble walls Titian Vecellio entered (upon) a celebrated life, whence he departed, at the end of nearly a hundred years, in Venice, on the 27th day of August, MDLXXVI.

A poor, mean-looking, low-roofed dwelling, disfigured by external chimney-shafts and a built-out oven; lit with tiny, blinking, medieval windows; altogether unlovely; altogether unnoticeable; but—the birthplace of Titian!

It looked different, no doubt, when he was a boy and played outside here on the grass. It had probably a high, steep roof, like the homesteads in his own landscape-drawings; but the present old brown tiles have been over it long enough to get mottled with yellow lichens. One would like to know if the fountain and the statue were there in his time; and if the water trickled ever to the same low tune; and if the women came there to wash their linen and fill their brazen water-jars, as they do now. This lovely green hill, at all events, sheltered the home from the east winds; and Monte Duranno lifted its strange crest yonder against the southern horizon; and the woods dipped down to the valley, then as now, where the bridle-path slopes away to join the road to Venice.

We went up to the house, and knocked. The door was opened by a sickly, hunchbacked lad, who begged us to walk in, and who seemed to be quite alone there. The house was very dark, and looked much older inside than from without. A long, low, gloomy upstairs chamber, with a huge pent-house fireplace jutting into the room, was evidently as old as the days of Titian's grandfather, to whom the house originally belonged: while a very small and very dark adjoining closet, with a port-hole of window sunk in a slope of massive wall, was pointed out as the room in which the great painter was born.

"But how do you know that he was born here?" I asked.

The hunchback lifted his wasted hand with a deprecating gesture.

"They have always said so, signora," he replied. "They have said so for more than four hundred years."

"They?" I repeated, doubtfully.

"The Vecelli, signora."

"I had understood that the Vecellio family was extinct."

"Scusate, signora," said the hunchback. "The last direct descendant of 'Il Tiziano' died not long ago—a few years before I was born; and the collateral Vecelli are citizens of Cadore to this day. If the signora will be pleased to look for it, she will see the name of Vecellio over a shop on the right-hand side, as she returns to the Piazza."

I did look for it; and there, sure enough, over a small shop-window I found it. It gave one an odd sort of shock, as if time were for the moment annihilated; and I remember how, with something of the same feeling, I once saw the name of Rubens over a shop-front in the market-place at Cologne.

I left the house less incredulous than I entered it. Of the identity of the building there has never been any kind of doubt; and I am inclined to accept with the house the identity of the room. Titian, it should be remembered, lived long enough to become, long before he died, the glory of his family. He became rich; he became noble; his fame filled Italy. Hence the room in which he was born may well have acquired, half a century before his death—perhaps even during the lifetime of his mother—that sort of sacredness that is generally of *post-mortem* growth. The legend, handed down from Vecellio to Vecellio in uninterrupted succession, lays claim, therefore, to a more reliable pedigree than most traditions of a similar character.

The large old house adjoining, known in Cadore as the Casa Zampieri, was the next place to be visited. It originally formed part of the Vecellio property, and contains an early fresco, once external, but now brought inside by the enlargement of the house, and sup-

posed to have been painted by Titian in his youth.

The hunchback offered to conduct us to this house, and, having ushered us out into the little piazza, carefully locked his own door behind him. Here, lying in wait for us, we found the officious small girl with some three or four companions of her own age, who immediately formed themselves into an uninvited body-guard, and would not be shaken off.

The hunchback rang the Zampieri bell; but no one answered. He knocked; but the echo of his knocking died away, and nothing came of it. At length he tried the door. It was only latched, and it opened instantly.

"Let us go up-stairs," he said, and walked straight in.

We followed, somewhat reluctantly. The body-guard trooped in after us.

"This way," said the hunchback, already half-way up the staircase.

"But the mistress of the house," we urged, hesitatingly; "where is she?"

"Ah, *chi lo sa!* Perhaps she is out—perhaps we shall find her up-stairs."

Again we followed. It was a large house, and had once upon a time been handsomely decorated. The landing was surrounded by doors and furnished with old high-backed chairs, sculptured presses, and antique oak chests, big enough for two or three Ginevras to have hidden in. Our guide opened one of the doors, led us into a bare-looking kind of drawing-room, and did the honors of the place as if it all belonged to him.

"*Ecco il Tiziano!*" said he, pointing to a rough fresco which, though executed on the wall of the room, was set round with a common black-and-gold framing.

The subject, which is very simple, consists of only three figures—a long-haired boy kneeling on one knee, and a seated Madonna, with the Child-Christ standing in her lap. These are relieved against a somewhat indefinite background of pillars and drapery. The drawing of this group is not particularly good; the coloring is thin and poor; but there is much dignity and sweetness both in the attitude and expression of the Madonna. The drapery and background have, however, suffered injury at some time or other; and, worse still, restoration. A small picture which the lad originally appeared to be presenting as a votive offering, has been altogether painted out; but its former position is clearly indicated by the attitude of the hands of the two principal figures.

According to the same respectable chain of local tradition, Titian painted this fresco at the age of eleven years. Mr. Gilbert, who knows more, and has written more about Cadore than any of Titian's biographers, suggests that the kneeling boy is a portrait of the young painter by himself; and that he "commended himself in this manner to the Divine care" before leaving home in 1486, to become a pupil of Zuccati at Venice.

Meanwhile the hunchback entertained us with the history of the fresco; the body-guard stood gaping by; and the odious small girl amused herself by peeping into the photographic albums on the table. In the midst of it all, a door was opened at the farther end of the room, and a lady came in.

To our immense relief, she seemed to take the invasion as a matter of course, and received us as amiably as if we had presented ourselves under the properest circumstances. It may be that she is in the constant habit of finding stray foreign tourists in forcible possession of her drawing-room; but she certainly betrayed no surprise at sight of either ourselves or our suite. She showed us some old maps and engravings of Cadore, a lithographed head of Titian, and some other worthless treasures; and, when we rose to take leave, asked for our cards.

"I value them," she said, "as souvenirs

of the strangers who honor me by a visit."—
"Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys,"
 by Amelia B. Edwards.

RUSSIAN LEGENDS.

A great number of the Russian legends refer to the visits which Christ and his Apostles are supposed to pay to men's houses at various times, but especially during the period between Easter Sunday and Ascension-Day. In the guise of indigent wayfarers, the sacred visitors enter into farm-houses and cottages and ask for food and lodging; therefore to this day the Russian peasant is ever unwilling to refuse hospitality to any man, fearing lest he might repulse angels unaware. Tales of this kind are common in all Christian lands, especially in those in which their folk-lore has preserved some traces of the old faith in the heathen gods who once walked the earth, and in patriarchal fashion dispensed justice among men. Many of the Russian stories closely resemble those of a similar nature which occur in German and Scandinavian collections; all of them, for instance, agreeing in the unfavorable light in which they place St. Peter. The following abridgment of the legend of "The Poor Widow," may be taken as a specimen of the Russian tales of this class.

Long, long ago, Christ and his twelve Apostles were wandering about the world, and they entered into a village one evening, and asked a rich mujik to allow them to spend the night in his house. But he would not admit them, crying:

"Yonder lives a widow who takes in beggars—go to her."

So they went to the widow, and asked her. Now, she was so poor that she had nothing in the house but a crust of bread and a handful of flour. She had a cow, but it had not calved yet, and gave no milk. But she did all she could for the wayfarers, setting before them all the food she had, and letting them sleep beneath her roof. And her store of bread and flour was wonderfully increased, so that her guests fed and were satisfied. And the next morning they set out anew on their journey.

As they went along the road there met them a wolf. And it fell down before the Lord, and begged for food. Then said the Lord, "Go to the poor widow's, slay her cow, and eat."

The Apostles remonstrated in vain. The wolf set off, entered the widow's cow-house, and killed her cow. And when she heard what had taken place, she only said:

"The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away. Holy is his will!"

As the sacred wayfarers pursued their journey, there came rolling toward them a barrel full of money. Then the Lord addressed it, saying:

"Roll, O barrel, into the farm-yard of the rich mujik!"

Again the Apostles vainly remonstrated. The barrel went its way, and the rich mujik found it, and stowed it away, grumbling the while:

"The Lord might as well have sent twice as much!"

The sun rose higher, and the Apostles began to thirst. Then said the Lord:

"Follow that road, and ye will find a well—there drink your fill."

They went along that road, and found the well. But they could not drink thereof, for its water was foul and impure, and swarming with snakes and frogs and toads. So they returned to where the Lord awaited them, described what they had seen, and resumed their journey. After a time they were sent in search of another well. And this time they found a place wherein was water pure and cool, and around grew wondrous trees,

whereon heavenly birds sat singing. And, when they had slaked their thirst, they returned unto the Lord, who said:

"Wherefore did ye tarry so long?"

"We only stayed while we were drinking," replied the Apostles. "We did not spend above three minutes there in all."

"Not three minutes did ye spend there, but three whole years," replied the Lord. "As it was in the first well, so will it be in the other world with the rich mujik! But, as it was in the second well, so will it be in that world with the poor widow!"

Sometimes our Lord is supposed to wander by himself, under the guise of a beggar. In the story of "Christ's Brother," a young man—whose father, on his death-bed, had charged him not to forget the poor—goes to church on Easter-Day, having provided himself with red eggs to give to the beggars with whom he should exchange the Pascal greeting. After exhausting his stock of presents, he finds that there remains one beggar of miserable appearance to whom he has nothing to offer, so he takes him home to dinner. After the meal the beggar exchanges crosses with his host,* giving him a cross which blazes like fire, and invites him to pay him a visit on the following Tuesday. To an inquiry about the way, he replies, "You have only to go along yonder path and say, 'Grant thy blessing, O Lord!' and you will come to where I am."

The young man does as he is told, and commences his journey on the Tuesday. On his way he hears voices, as though of children, crying, "O Christ's brother! ask Christ for us—have we to suffer long?" A little later he sees a group of girls who are lading water from one well into another, who make the same request. At last he arrives at the end of his journey, finds the aged mendicant who had adopted him as his brother, and recognizes him as "the Lord Jesus Christ himself." The youth relates what he has seen, and asks:

"Wherefore, O Lord, are the children suffering?"

"Their mothers cursed them while still unborn," is the reply. "Therefore is it impossible for them to enter into paradise."

"And the girls?"

"They used to sell milk, and they put water into the milk. Now they are doomed to pour water from well to well eternally."

After this the youth is taken into paradise, and brought to the place there provided for him.

Sometimes the sacred visitor rewards with temporal goods the kindly host who has hospitably received him. Thus the story of "Beer and Corn" tells how a certain man was so poor that, when the rest of the peasants were brewing beer, and making other preparations to celebrate an approaching feast of the Church, he found his cupboard perfectly bare. In vain did he apply to a rich neighbor, who was in the habit of lending goods and money at usurious rates; having no security to offer, he could borrow nothing. But, on the eve of the festival, when he was sitting at home in sadness, he suddenly rose and drew near to the sacred painting which hung in the corner, and sighed heavily, and said:

"O Lord! forgive me, sinner that I am! I have not even wherewith to buy oil, so as to light the lamp before the image† for the festival!"

Soon afterward an old man entered the cottage, and obtained leave to spend the night there. After a time the guest inquired why his host was so sad, and, on learning the reason, told him to go again to his rich

neighbor and borrow a quart of malt. The mujik obeyed, and soon returned with the malt, which the old man ordered him to throw into his well. When this was done the villager and his guest went to bed.

Next morning the old man told his host to borrow a number of tubs, and fill them with liquor drawn from the well, and then to make his neighbors assemble and drink it. He did so, and the buckets were filled with such beer as neither fancy nor imagination can conceive, but only a *akazka* can describe. The villagers, excited by the news, collected in crowds, and drank the beer and rejoiced. Last of all came the rich neighbor, begging to know how such wonderful beer was brewed. The mujik told him the whole story, whereupon he straightway commanded his servants to pour all his best malt into his well. And next day he hastened to the well to taste the liquor it contained; but he found nothing but malt and water; not a drop of beer was there.—"*Russian Folk-Tales*," by W. R. S. Ralston.

THE NEGRO.

The negro is not a correct term as applied to the Africans, for the black skin is an exception, the prevailing hue being that of a cigar. In most tribes, however, men are found of a bottle-like blackness; and some tribes, as the Jollof on the Senegal, are black almost to a man. Many Africans are copper-colored. For instance, on the Gold Coast I pointed out a woman to Palmer, and said: "Is not she a mulatto?"

"Oh, no!" said he, laughing.

"But she is so light!" I said.

"Ah! you can't go by that," he replied; "many pure Africans are lighter than mulattoes."

Noses are often finely shaped among the Africans, but the nostrils are always wide. That is a constant character.

Blubber lips are an exception, but the lips are generally thick, and look as if the person was pouting, which often causes a sullen expression when the face is in repose. Some, however, have quite thin lips and sharp noses. That is considered ugly. I noticed such a people at Botanga, near Gaboon; and they did not look well.

The feet and palms are always yellow, owing to the pigment being rubbed off; and I think that, the blacker the skin, the deeper and richer the tint.

The forehead is always rounded. Mr. Huxley told me, before I went to Africa a second time, that this was a constant character; and I looked at some hundreds of negroes without finding an exception.

The hair is always woolly, and, I think, shorter in black Africans than in the copper-colored ones; it is more abundant, for instance, with the light-colored Fans of the Sierra del Crystal than with the darker Mpongwe of the Coast. With all Africans, the arms, legs, and breast, are covered with little curly hairs, or fine down. The beard and whiskers are scanty or absent.

I have carefully examined new-born children. They are of a light-copper color, with reddish cheeks; the inside of the feet and hands pink; nipples black. The forehead and ears darken first, and in about five months they are dark all over.

The blackest skins are certainly the most beautiful, as lighter skins are apt to be mottled, and are not so uniform in color. "I mean to marry that girl when she grows up," said a young mulatto to me at Accra; "she is fine and black."

On the other hand, I once offered my canoe men in the Gaboon some *silhouettes*; they looked very angry, and refused them. Mongilomba said: "O sir! we are not so black as that." It appears from Living-

* Who thus becomes his "brother of the cross." This cross-brotherhood is considered a close spiritual affinity.

† The *icon*, *ciénor*, or holy picture.

stone* that in some tribes the light color is preferred. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that the negroes have much the same idea of beauty as ourselves. They do not like the white skin, it is true; they shuddered at the sight of Mungo Park; they called Browne (in Darfur) the Frank with green eyes and a red skin; but I do not think that the white skin is much to be admired in Africa; all travelers in the interior soon assume a cadaverous appearance, and I have also noticed, in persons bathing, that the white skin beneath the African sun has a ghastly plaster-of-Paris appearance, while the brown skin has a beautiful glow in the same fierce light, and seems to harmonize with Nature. I have met two residents in West Africa who declared that the African women were more beautiful than sickly-looking, white-faced Europeans; and one of these was a man of intellect and education.

If, as some ethnologists maintain, the standard of beauty is always local and artificial, how is it that the Africans admire the long, straight hair of European women? If the above theory be true, they ought to admire only short and woolly hair. I have heard it said on the Gold Coast: "The white women would not be bad-looking if they had better teeth; but their hair is very fine, indeed." I cannot cite a better proof that their ideas of beauty and ours are essentially the same than the observation which so many travelers have made, that the African chiefs always pick up the prettiest wives. This shows that the girl whom an English traveler thinks pretty an African chief also thinks pretty. I therefore assume that the races of mankind have inherited from the primeval men certain fundamental ideas relative to beauty; but it cannot be denied that there are many secondary standards of beauty which differ in different parts of the world. The Persians admire slim women; the Turks fatten girls for the harem, a custom which also prevails in the Bight of Benin and in certain parts of East Africa; the Tartars admire small, oblique eyes (Vambéry); the Tawny Moors, according to Caillie, prefer women whose front-teeth project; and it would take pages to enumerate the fashionable disfigurements which prevail in various parts of the world—the teeth made black or blue; the body painted or carved; the lips, noses, and ears, weighted with ornaments; the feet crippled; and the skull compressed.

It cannot be doubted that sexual selection has been an agent in producing the physical differences which exist between the sexes, and also between the races, of mankind. As Mr. Darwin has shown, the women in savage tribes exercise a greater power of choice than is commonly supposed; but, even if they exercised none, it would not affect his argument, for the strongest, bravest, and most intelligent (or wealthiest) men obtain most wives and raise most children, and these men undoubtedly select. But I do not think that sexual selection (as Mr. Darwin believes) has caused the jet-blackness of the negro, which I would rather attribute to conditions of climate acting indirectly on the skin. Comeliness of feature proceeds, no doubt, from sexual selection; and in all African tribes we find the patricians more handsome than the slaves and lower classes. If blackness proceeded from sexual selection, we should find the nobles darker than the people; but that is not the case.

Mr. Darwin's first supposition was this, that "negroes and other dark races might have acquired their dark tints by the darker individuals escaping, during a long series of generations, from the deadly influence of the miasmas of their native countries;" and he afterward found out the same idea had long

ago occurred to Dr. Wells (a paper read before the Royal Society in 1813). Mr. Darwin abandoned this hypothesis, because the evidence that he collected forced him to suppose that light-colored Europeans do not escape from fever better than the dark ones. But Mr. Huddle, of Sierra Leone, who has spent his life on the Coast, and has had more clerks killed under him than any other man, holds the opposite view; and Captain Burton, to whom I spoke on the matter, said it was always a matter of surprise in India when a light-haired man took his pension. The fact is, that sufficient evidence cannot at present be obtained to settle the question one way or the other; and in the mean time I think that the hypothesis of Dr. Wells is the best that has been offered. — *"The African Sketch-Book,"* by Winwood Reade.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

If the younger men among us shall live to see complete and cordial union between the people of both islands, there can be no doubt that, in the roll of national benefactors to whom that consummation will be due, the foremost name must be that of Daniel O'Connell. It is not only that he was the first to compel the rulers of the empire to commence the era of justice that alone makes union possible. His work was greater than this: He found his countrymen slaves; he raised them from the dust, and first taught them to assume at least the attitude of freemen. The education of a people is a slow work; but if at no distant time they are fully worthy to take the place that is prepared for them—that of free citizens of a great united empire—sharing the vanguard post in the great advance of political and social progress, they must never forget that the first lessons of freedom were received from the lips of O'Connell.

Of O'Connell the man, such as he was known to his contemporaries, the next generation will find it difficult to form a just conception. Nothing could be stronger than the animosity which he excited among his opponents, unless it were the enthusiastic attachment felt toward him by his personal friends and followers. His faults were on the surface, and were exactly those that most surely shock and offend educated Englishmen. His invectives not rarely descended to scurrility, and his disregard of literal truth and probability in his popular addresses was such as, in an Englishman, would have implied utter want of principle. The irrepressible tendency to exaggeration inseparable from the Irish nature will not, however, be severely judged by posterity. It must be noted that, with scarcely an exception, his violence was excited, not by personal, but by national feelings. His vituperation was directed against the enemies of Ireland, not against the enemies of O'Connell.

If his political friends learned to place implicit confidence in his courage, his energy, and the boundless resources of his inventive intelligence, the personal devotion that he awakened was due to qualities of another order. He was a true friend, faithful to all who had ever done him a service, and possessed in the highest degree that personal charm of manner and conversation that people of other countries usually attribute to the typical Irishman. But he proved himself to own virtues of a higher and rarer order. On several important occasions, and notably in regard to trade combinations and the Poor-Law question, he boldly took the unpopular side, and did not shrink from the clearest expression of his opinions. This does not seem difficult to men who depend upon parliamentary support for political influence. They may reasonably expect that justice will in due time be done to their motives. The case is

very different with a man who holds power and importance by the fleeting tenure of popular favor; and one such sacrifice made to conscience should outweigh many a blemish in the career of a popular leader.

Those who best knew O'Connell are able to cite many an instance of magnanimity that contrasts strongly with the unscrupulousness of which his opponents constantly accused him.*

Of him, as of nearly all men who have taken an eminent part in public affairs, we may say that, although his aims were lofty, he was not careful in his choice of means. The worst that can with justice be urged against him is that he was too tolerant of baser men, who used low means to compass low ends, so long as they were ready to swell the ranks of his auxiliary forces.

When the future historian is able calmly to survey the miserable history of Ireland up to the end of the last century, he will, perhaps, regard it as no slight testimony to the qualities of the Irish race that it should at such a time have impersonated itself in a figure so commanding and so free from base admixture. If it prove the great qualities of the man that he should have acquired such power over his countrymen, it says not a little for them that the man to whom alone they gave their entire hearts was one whom they may present without shame to the scrutiny of succeeding generations.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AMONG BIRDS.

The *Popular Science Review* for July contains some interesting but too brief remarks by Mr. Leith Adams on the "Mental Powers of Birds," which it is interesting to define specifically as distinguished from the mental powers of other animals of the higher order of sagacity. This we will briefly do. First, it would appear from Mr. Darwin's discussions—though Mr. Leith Adams hardly refers to them—that none of the lower orders of creatures have so keen an appreciation of beauty as many kinds of birds, and certainly that none turn this taste for beauty so deliberately to the purpose of social amusement. That great naturalist has described how some kinds of birds really celebrate festivities very closely approaching to our wedding *fêtes*, balls, and garden parties, in places carefully decorated and arranged by the birds for the purpose of social gatherings, and which are not used for their actual dwelling-places. "The best evidence," says Mr. Darwin, "of a taste for the beautiful, is afforded by the three genera of Australian bower-birds. . . . Their bowers where the sexes congregate and play strange antics" (at all stranger than our waltzes and quadrilles?) "are differently constructed; but what most concerns us is that they are decorated in a different manner by the different species. The satin bower-bird collects gayly-colored articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs, or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould found in one bower a neatly-worked stone tomahawk, and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from

* An instance, vouched for by a person well acquainted with both parties, has been lately given to me. O'Connell had been on terms of intimacy with P. M., an able and influential man, well known in Dublin. A quarrel, arising from some political difference, broke out between them. O'Connell denounced his opponent in language of extreme violence, and for many years they were on terms of mutual hostility. Long afterward P. M. told my informant that, during the period of their friendship, O'Connell had become aware of circumstances of a private nature which, if published, would have been ruinous to the position and credit of his adversary; but, in spite of the violence of their subsequent quarrel, was never led to divulge them or allude to them in any way.

a native encampment. These objects are continually rearranged, and carried about by the birds while at play. The bower of the spotted bower-bird is beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse. Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower. The stones and shells are often brought from a great distance. The regent-bird, as described by Mr. Ramsay, ornaments its short bower with bleached land-shells belonging to five or six species, and 'with berries of various colors, blue, red, and black, which give it, when fresh, a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there were several newly-picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish color, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful.' Well may Mr. Gould say, 'These highly-decorated balls of assembly must be regarded as the most wonderful instances of bird architecture yet discovered;' and the taste, we see, of the several species certainly differs." You could not have distinct evidence in a lady's *salon* carefully decorated with flowers, either of her taste for the beautiful, or of the deliberate subordination of that taste to social purposes, than we have here of the same qualities in birds. Mr. Leith Adams in his paper hardly refers, as we have already observed, to this remarkable class of facts at all, only pointing out that the obvious preference for gayly-colored plumage on the part of the females clearly implies a genuine taste for the beautiful in birds, which is, of course, true, but is not nearly as good evidence of a distinct intellectual development on this point, as the elaborate decoration of their bowers by birds for festive purposes. The mere preference of gay colors may be unconscious and purely instinctive, but when a bird looks out for bleached land-shells and tall grasses to ornament its reception-room, and fetches round stones to "fix" the grasses in their proper place, and then uses the hall thus provided only for festive social purposes, you can hardly deny such birds either the powers or the tastes of landscape-gardeners and ball-givers. And we fancy this kind of deliberate taste for the beautiful, and the beautiful in subordination to social purposes, is confined among the lower animals to birds; and, as regards the social purpose, to a very few order of birds. A great many birds seem to have more appreciation of beauty of color than almost any other class of animals, but only in a few species has it risen to the point of a really decorative social art. We may gather from this that in the bird the perception of harmony is of a very high kind, and this evidently applies to sound as well as color. No creatures utter sounds so full of beauty, or display such wonderful qualifications for imitating the beautiful sounds they hear. Must we not say, then, that the bird has, in more force than any other species of the lower animals, the perception of harmony in forms, colors, and sounds, and the further consciousness of the fascination such harmony has for its own species, and the enhancement it lends to social enjoyments?—*London Spectator*.

THE MISERERE AT ST. PETER'S.

There is one grand and sublime ceremony, the *Miserere* of St. Peter's. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw, in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism surpassed her in music, as she excelled Protestantism in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. To prevent this inferiority, she naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The pope forbade the reproduction of his *Miserere*, in order that it should be heard only in that church whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity. One day a noble youth heard en-

tranced the *Miserere*. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the *Miserere*! The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the *Miserere* is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now it comes like the far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again, like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moaning of heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchres and loosing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony. To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the Temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequalled. Rome, Rome! thou art grand, thou art immortal even in thy desperation and thy abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that made thy greatness have departed! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preserve.—*Emilio Castelar*.

SALMON-STAIRS.

The discovery (for it deserves to be called an important discovery) of the fish-pass, which is now capable of letting fish so easily over mill-wears or navigation-wears without abstracting water from the mill or navigation, is due to the late Mr. James Smith, of Deanston, in Scotland, who had a mill-dam on the River Teith, near Stirling, and who, like many other millers, took great interest in watching the habits of salmon, when jumping at his dam and trying to get over it. He thought of several plans in order to facilitate the passage of the fish without hurting his mill, and he did what most beginners do who have engaged in this problem—he made an inclined plane on the down-stream face of his dam. His dam was about ten feet high, and he made an inclined plane about two hundred and forty feet long on the incline, having its head cut below the top of the dam. His own account of the result is highly interesting, for it throws light on mistakes constantly made, with the same results, even to this day: "I found that the water, in consequence of being allowed to flow without any check down the inclined plane, acquired so great a velocity at the bottom that no fish could stem it; and that while it acquired this great velocity, it had, by its rapidity, become so small in depth that there was not sufficient of water to cover the salmon unless when there was a flood in the river. When I found from experience that

this did not suit the purpose, and when I saw the salmon attempting to get up and constantly thrown back, I immediately set about to consider some mode to insure their passage, and I commenced by making some experiments with loose boards. I drove spikes into the jointing of the paving, and rested the boards across on them, and placed them somewhat in the form of steps, one above another. When I first began to do this, I put in only a few boards at the bottom with a view of trying the effect of them. It was then in the spawning-season, when the fish were very desirous to run up, and the river was in about an average state of water. A few hours after I had put down these boards I found a number of salmon on the different steps, some on the first step, some on the second, and some on the third; and they were making repeated attempts to ascend the channel farther, but were generally driven back in consequence of the great force of the water. I then had a continuation of the boards made to the very top up to the notch in the dam, and I found that the fish ascended with apparent ease. The steps were about eight feet from one to the other, and they did not go right across the channel. Each alternate board came from the opposite side, and they ran about two-thirds across. There is a pool and an eddy at each to assist the salmon to ascend. By having this kind of ladder it is possible to reconcile the interests of salmon-fisheries and the interests of the owners of the mills. By the opening at the head of the ladder being lower than the general surface of the dam, if there is any water at all to spare from the flowing of the mills, it is quite sure to come down the channel and stair."—*Edinburgh Review*.

ROME.

Side by side we see the Oriental luxury of the cardinals and the rags of a starving populace; here a gilded coach, and there a crowd of shoeless beggars; close to magnificent palaces of marble there are heaps of refuse, emitting horrible effluvia. And yet this city is the capital of Italy. At the fall of evening, in the sacred hour of poetic silence, under the pure heavens, glorified by the last rays of the setting sun, which give an air of mysticism to all around; from the height of the Pincio look on this city, with its eleven Egyptian obelisks, its three hundred cupolas, its groves of columns, its myriads of statues, and you see the seven hills whence have sprung senators, consuls, and tribunes, the political and civil rights of antiquity, now the bases of our rights; contemplate the facade of St. Peter's, the Great Basilica surmounted by the dome foretold by Bramante, and executed by Michael Angelo; the Titanic mausoleum of Adrian, over which are extended the wings of the brazen seraphim; there, to the left, the world of history, the walls on which are engraved a thousand victories, the Via Sacra, where conquerors entered; the Forum, where the people gathered; those arches which twenty centuries have passed without destroying; those refreshing baths, copied so often by modern artists; the Coliseum, that mountain sculptured by Titanic chisels; the Quirinal, which contains the finest statues saved from the wreck of Greece; the Capitol, head and cerebrum of the world. At the sight of so many marvels, at the recollection of so much grandeur, at the contemplation of such monuments, framed in groves of cypress, like a funeral wreath placed by an invisible Deity; at the soft music of bells which invite to vespers, like the voices of martyrs ascending from the Catacombs; the shadows of evening lingering sadly over the ruins, like the spirits of departed heroes—the heart, swelled by emotions, confesses that Rome is not only the capital of Italy, but the eternal centre of the world!—*Emilio Castelar*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT always seems to us that the advocates of female suffrage have logically the best of the argument. We may as well meet this subject, as indeed all others, with entire candor and fairness; and hence with this candor and fairness, but at the same time with all reluctance, we are compelled to confess that suffrage as a natural right would seem to belong as justly to one sex as to the other.

It is sometimes claimed that this depends upon the fact whether the suffrage is a right or a privilege. If it is a privilege only, then it may be withheld from one sex, or from certain members of a sex, or extended to both sexes, or to certain members of both sexes, just as it may be deemed most expedient. On the other hand, if the suffrage is a natural right, one derived from the individual's place in the community and partnership in the social contract, then, it is conceded, it belongs rightfully to all alike, without distinction of sex or other condition.

But who is to decide whether the suffrage is a privilege or a right? That portion of the community which is in possession of the franchise, or the entire body of the people? How is it that one sex has despotically usurped the right of declaring itself in possession of this right or privilege? How is it that one-half of the community has claimed to express the voice of the whole community in a matter primarily affecting the portion of the community excluded? And if the suffrage is a privilege, how comes it to be extended to one solid portion of the community without regard to education or fitness of the individuals, and excluded from another distinct portion with equal disregard of personal qualifications? Is it just for a sex having the mastery of the position to grant a boon to all its own members, no matter how ignorant or worthless many of them may be, and withhold it from all of the other sex, no matter how worthy some of them may be? Is not the male portion of the community a very close Ring in this matter—a ring quite as unscrupulous in its way as that of Tammany in its worst days?

There is only one escape from these arguments—and this is the bold assumption of the vassalage of women. Women had always been so generally excluded from political life; their secondary place in the school of civilization had been so commonly accepted, that in the formation of our government no thought was given to their claims, no conception existed as to their rights; and hence, in institutions confessedly founded upon the consent of the public, the consent of a portion only was asked for or thought of. But now, when the rights of the individual have come to be better understood, when the woman is no longer merely a creature of the man's, it is impossible, upon any grounds of equity, to

defend the exclusion of a portion of the community from any of the rights and privileges enjoyed by the rest.

This, we think, is the clear and simple logic of the question. And yet, notwithstanding logic, notwithstanding even fairness, we are not in favor of female suffrage. We concede that, primarily, women have every right as partners to the social contract that we have. And yet, for what we consider important and even imperative reasons, we should be very sorry ever to see our women in possession of the franchise. These reasons are largely on account of the influence politics would have upon their character; but for the present we wish to consider only the consequences of such a revolution as they would affect politics and government.

We should far rather see the elective franchise abridged than extended. Whether we consider the suffrage a right or a privilege we must all admit that the interests of the community suffer from an ignorant exercise of the function. The most urgent thing at hand for us to do is, to endeavor to educate the masses now in possession of the franchise, so that our institutions, our welfare, our security even, may not rest upon the uncertain passions of an ignorant multitude; and hence, to add an immense ignorant female vote to the already uninstructed male vote, would be exceedingly unwise and eminently dangerous. However capable many women may be, the majority of the sex, like the majority of our own, are narrow and ignorant, and the suffrage in their hands would greatly and seriously multiply the evils of our political system. We see daily how demagogism seeks to control the people by playing upon their passions and their prejudices: bring women into the field, and demagogism would have an immense accession of plastic material to work with. Already statesmen withdraw from the front, and flatterers, glib talkers, popular wire-pullers, servile tricksters to the passions of the mob, gain the confidence of the voters. Everybody can see how female suffrage would bring into the field a new and more numerous class of politicians, who, either ignorant of the truth, or carefully suppressing the truth, would hope to gain power by whatever means that would excite the prejudices or win the applause of an entirely ignorant but highly-impressible constituency. What is specially needed in politics and public affairs is calm judgment, the subordination of passion, and the elevation of pure reason. Are we going to bring the result about by giving the suffrage to a sex notoriously imaginative and impulsive—who would import into affairs an army of sensibilities, prejudices, emotions, and impressibilities, enough to set the country wild, and bring into what is already in turmoil a confusion that would stun and confound the universe?

Even the good qualities of women would work endless mischief. Much stress is laid

upon the moral element they would bring into politics; but what has been more mischievous in the history of the world than the misguided zeal of moralists? We all know what zealots women are in the cause of morals, and how completely they are possessed with the idea that Utopias may be created by acts of Congress. There are enough impracticable visionaries among men, who imagine that law is competent to regulate all the passions and inclinations of men; women-suffrage would immensely swell the number of this class, possibly install them in the majority; and, this being the case, society would soon find itself under the control of a sumptuary despotism, that nothing would rid us of but a revolution. Everybody would be living, eating, drinking, smoking, coming, going, doing all things under legal regulation; and hence, while women obtained their elective liberties, men would lose their social independence.

No, ladies, you are no doubt logically unimpeachable in demanding the right of the franchise, but for our part we mean to do our best to keep it from you. We are certain that the privilege would do you no good, and we are equally confident it would do great mischief to the community. But there is a compromise we have to offer—a method of distributing the suffrage, which would do ample justice to you, remove many of the present evils, and place society upon a firm basis.

At present, we make the individual the unit of society—that is, the male individual; the female individual we do not count at all. Let us go back to early principles, and make the family the unit of society, and lodge the suffrage solely in the head of each household. Under this arrangement the woman, whenever the head of the family, would exercise the same privilege enjoyed by men—that is, nearly so. The law would have to assume the married man as the head of the family, but, if the woman supported the husband, she should be entitled to acknowledgment as its head. Widows, of course, would have the suffrage; spinsters who maintained families would also have it. If there would be under this arrangement a discrimination among married people in favor of the male sex, bachelors and maids, at least, would be exactly equal, the suffrage in either case being enjoyed only when the person maintained a household.

The plan, here roughly sketched out, would give greater dignity and importance to married men, and hence would serve to promote matrimony. But the greatest service it would render would be in withdrawing the suffrage from homeless vagabonds, from the irresponsible mob of excitable and ignorant young men who form one of the worst elements in our politics, and in lodging it solely with those who have direct interest in the conservation of social order. The suffrage is now far too much extended; the limitations

we suggest, while disfranchising many people, would at least operate impartially—and impartial suffrage rather than universal suffrage is what the country needs, and is all that justice can demand.

English sportsmanship, which at home takes the comparatively mild form of fox-hunting and the running down of deer, grows more fierce and venturesome under the hot East-Indian suns. Here the huntsman seeks leopards, wild-boars, bears, rhinoceroses, and elephants; and to hunt these is, indeed, sport worthy of the most enduring and sport-loving of people. But the most royal of Indian game is the tiger; here is a real danger, and the excitement of jungle-sport lies in the constant propinquity of death. The royal Bengal tiger is a worthy antagonist even for man; his ferocity, his courage, his cunning, the *dan* of his attack, the stubbornness with which he resists defeat, his utter untamableness, render it a noble triumph to bring him down, and to return to civilization as a trophy his magnificently-striped carcass and stately head. But what is sport to the English "mild," nabob, or army-officer, is death to the poor Hindoo villagers; and no more striking instance of the selfishness of sport can be found than the fact that the Indian English are vehemently protesting against the system of tiger extermination which the home government has determined to institute. It appears that almost fifteen thousand native men, women, and children, were killed in Central and Western India, during the one year 1871, by the incursions of tigers; moreover, nearly three million dollars' worth of cattle and domestic animals were destroyed by that sovereign of the jungle during the same period. And it is said that this is the annual average. Fifteen thousand human beings sacrificed to the sporting propensities of the Anglo-Saxon lords of Hindostan! For these daring gentlemen insist upon keeping the Indian provinces as a vast preserve for their hunting expeditions; and, despite this expenditure of human life and of live-stock property, they wax angry with the government for offering rewards to the natives for every tiger killed! The poor Hindoo herdsman must still seek his herds amid the lairs of this terrible beast; the Hindoo woman must still risk her life when she goes to draw water from the brooks; and Hindoo infants, playing in the fields, must still be carried off to the jungles, to be devoured piecemeal by the tiger-families! Happily, the cruelly-selfish protests of the Anglo-Indian sportsmen are not likely to be heeded; for even the circumlocution office must feel a flutter at the dreadful annual destruction which is going on within a circuit of a hundred miles from Calcutta and Madras. An effectual remedy is at hand. The natives are now overawed from shooting or trapping the tigers; but, as soon as they are actually encouraged and even paid to do so by official authority, the royal Bengals will soon begin to disappear. The spirit of the sporting English in India is the same as that which, at home, persists in sacrificing the growing crops of tenant farmers to the exigencies of the chase, and shuts up for

game-preserved thousands of acres which might be devoted to profitable cultivation.

Tourists in Europe this year will miss one attraction which has hitherto lent a spice—though a wicked one—to the grand tour. *Roulette* and *rouge-et-noir* are banished from the pleasant German towns whither they have heretofore attracted a polyglot crowd of princes, nobles, adventurers, Indian maharajahs and Turkish pashas, the all-pervading British snob, and the no less ubiquitous sovereign citizen of the free United States. He who would risk his five-franc or fifty-napoleon venture on the upturning of red or black, or the fate-laden whirl of the *roulette* ball, must bid him to the lovely promontory of Monaco, whose gracious prince has welcomed the banished gamblers with effusive hospitality. Monte Carlo is "the last ditch" of *roulette*, and a very fascinating "ditch" it is. Meanwhile, the former gaming resorts, cleansed of what was at once their chief blot and their most popular attraction, are left to their natural beauties to save them from utter desertion and obscurity. Nor are these beauties to be despised; American travelers Europeward may rest assured that Baden-Baden and Homburg on the Heights, Ems and Schwalbach, Wiesbaden and Frankfort, are still well worthy of a diversion from the direct route up the Rhine. Baden, especially, is a very gem of a nook, nestling in a closely-enveloping amphitheatre of hills, with the Black Forest and the mysterious, myth-teeming Harz within easy reach, a fine old castle-ruin to climb to and muse in on a hill just above the town, health-giving springs and pretty brooks near by, and with a charmingly bright and equable climate. Fashion, it seems, still sheds upon Baden the light of its countenance, though forced, in one respect, to be virtuous; and the merry little place is still joyous with routs and overflowing hotels, and the gay multitudes listening to lively music in the umbrageous park. What the tourist in Europe is apt to forget, and what he very much needs, is, to avail himself of an occasional opportunity to rest a while. Foreign travel becomes a perpetual nightmare when one is obliged to hurry from gallery to gallery, from church to church, from one antique relic to another; and those are far wiser who take things easily, and once in a while drop, for a few days' recreation, into just such a quiet, cozy nook as Baden.

We have no more concern for the railways of which Mr. Vanderbilt is president than for any other roads; we are quite as indifferent to Mr. Vanderbilt's enterprises as to the projects of other railway presidents; hence it is purely in a disinterested spirit that we express our surprise at the sort of criticism which some of our contemporaries bestow upon that gentleman and his projects. One of our New-York dailies declares that, "as time goes on, the shameful abuses connected with the Vanderbilt railroad excite more and more attention. That four or five whole blocks should be confiscated for Mr. Vanderbilt's private benefit is a subject of increasing wonder." Another remarks as follows: "Think, for instance, of the audacity which is implied in the act of surrendering

the streets of a crowded city to a private corporation that it might make money for itself out of the impediment! Think of the still greater audacity of nearly blocking up a dozen of our principal highways that a monstrous corporation may have the privilege of running its trains into the heart of the city, to the imminent hourly danger of life, and to the universal annoyance of the neighborhood!" What is surprising in these criticisms is the assumption that Mr. Vanderbilt's railways are for his private benefit, and that "a private corporation" are usurping privileges solely for their own advantage. It is just as important to the public that railroads should reach the heart of the city, that they should have space for depots and stations, as it is for the directors and presidents. The welfare of every man, woman, and child, in the community, is involved in the facilities that exist for transportation and travel; for upon these two things depend our commerce and trade, and commerce and trade are the sole foundations of cities. And yet the community is ceaselessly making war upon those very means of transportation and communication on which its welfare depends. Every railway company is persecuted and obstructed in every way possible; it is looked upon as a public enemy; worried by persecutions, fretted with criticisms; and accomplishes its benefactions in the face of deadly opposition from the public it benefits. It is quite true that, in aiming to accomplish their ends, the railwaymen are not always very scrupulous; but it is entirely competent to hold some sort of check upon them, and at the same time co-operate in their measures—for this much is certain: no railroad can permanently benefit itself without at the same time permanently benefiting the public. If a railway derives advantages by reaching the heart of the city, it is because it has conferred conveniences upon the public by so doing. Just now we are clamoring at one moment for cheap transportation, and in the next doing what we can to embarrass and handicap the roads from which we demand these concessions.

"When a working-man," writes a contemporary, "neglects his own trade and takes to 'politics,' the chances are that he will do politics no good, and inflict great injury upon himself, and still more inexcusable injury upon his wife and children, if he have any." There is no doubt excellent wisdom in all this; and yet how are we to reconcile this teaching with that other which continually exhorts the American citizen to purify the political arena by looking well after the causes, primary meetings, and other intricate matters of political concern? That is rather an awkward political system which involves ruin upon the country if the people neglect their political duties, and which yet entails ruin upon the citizens if they attend to those duties. Here are Scylla and Charybdis indeed!

In the present hot discussion about rates of transportation on the railroads, it appears to be assumed, as a matter of course, that the charges are extortionate. Is the public in possession of accurate information in regard to cost of transportation, profits made

by the different roads, and rates by which freight can be carried at fair remuneration? Combinations among companies do not necessarily imply exorbitant charges, inasmuch as coöperation is often indispensable in order to prevent ruinous competition. All trades, businesses, and professions, combine for the same ends—why should not the railroad companies? The passionate denunciation now so common exhibits a good deal more zeal than knowledge. That rates are high, is doubtless true; that the farmer is taxed heavily in order to get his produce to market, is also true; but these facts are not necessarily chargeable on the roads, which would find it to their advantage to carry produce at as low a rate as consistent with the cost—to their advantage, directly, by increase of business; indirectly, by the consequent development of the country on which their future so much depends. Every kind of business looks with jealousy upon the successes of every other kind of business. Everybody, while eager for good round profits for himself, bitterly resents the necessity which compels him to contribute to other people's profits. In regard to the transportation dispute, a few facts and a little less rhetoric would enable lookers-on to form a dispassionate opinion.

— Sir John Lubbock has introduced a bill in the English Parliament limiting women's and also young persons' time of daily labor in shops to twelve hours. The bill has not passed, but probably will pass the next session. There can be no objection to the spirit of Sir John Lubbock's bill; but the women of the English shops ought not to ask for or depend upon governmental regulation of their hours of labor. Coöperation would secure the desired end more swiftly and efficiently. A general movement in this city some years ago among clerks and shopkeepers, known as "The Early-closing Movement," succeeded in abridging the time of labor in all the trading establishments in the town, while mechanics and artisans have very generally regulated this matter for themselves. Let people get rid of the notion that the government is a protective grandmother, whose aid must be invoked in every difficulty that arises.

— It is odd how many minor usages retain their hold long after their significance has departed. An oath before a magistrate or other official is no doubt a solemn ceremony, and it is quite right that it should be attended with those circumstances that will serve to impress the mind of the witness. Swearing upon the Bible may possibly still have a superstitious significance with ignorant people; one cannot for a moment suppose that an educated person would be any more impressed with the necessity of being truthful by any such means. However, as so often it is the superstitious who are called upon to testify, let nothing be done to abate the solemnity of the oath. But in what way, even with this class, does the kissing of the book add to the impressiveness of the act? If the book were in all cases savory and cleanly, there would be no objection, perhaps, to the enforced ceremony; but, as commonly the volume is thickly incrustated with the soil of

many hands, the act becomes intensely disgusting, and ladies and gentlemen might well refuse to soil their lips by a process that is simply superstitious as a ceremony, and woefully nauseating as a performance. Fastidious people, will, like the Quakers, have to acquire principles against swearing, and so claim the privilege of affirming. But why should this ancient and really idle superstition be retained?

— There is an insensibility, a wanton disregard of public suffering, in certain shopkeepers who, in these melting days, display furs in their windows, that deserves the indignant censure of a much-suffering people. If it is imagined that furs recall to the imagination of passers-by the cool airs of winter, or the snowy region where fur-covered animals abide, we can assure these guilty traders that their philosophy is entirely at fault.

"... Who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?"

This is what Shakespeare has to say about it, and Shakespeare is the last court of appeal in all such matters. And, while furs utterly fail to revive memories of delicious wintry days, they do create a most tormenting and uncomfortable suggestion of heat. At the very moment when the parboiled pedestrian is nearly prostrated under the fearful sun, when clothing in its lightest form is so much a burden that he is speculating how little he can wear and not transcend the bounds of propriety—at such a moment to come upon the window of a fur-store, as we have done, with its bears and ponderous skins in full display, is adding an injury to his griefs which is simply diabolical. The perspiration starts from the afflicted sufferer in new and copious streams; furs to his imagination represent a new Inquisition, a place not to be mentioned, a condition so utterly intolerable that nothing but a rapid diversion in favor of water-ices and soda-water, can purge his fancy of its haunting terrors. Let us have in our streets during the summer solstice only those objects that will produce cool and refreshing sensations.

— In an article entitled "Ancient Works at Isle Royale, Michigan," in the last number of the JOURNAL, occurs this sentence: "An experienced mining captain computed that two of those men, with their rude methods, could barely be equivalent to two hundred of our skilled miners." The idea intended here was so obvious that neither writer nor proof-reader observed that the sentence is made to state exactly the reverse of the fact designed to be conveyed.

Art, Music, and Drama.

THE familiar objects of to-day become tomorrow a matter of history. It is hard to realize that scenes and incidents so familiar to us that they are passed by without notice, can ever have a particular interest attached to them, as being expressions of phases of life and manners that are ephemeral or characteristic of certain stages of civilization or development

of ideas. The pictorial or literary rendering of by-gone epochs seems romantic and delightful; but, as the old proverb says truly, even in the most interesting conditions, familiarity is apt to breed contempt; and it requires real abstraction of thought to withdraw the mind so far from present scenes that it is able to discriminate the points in them that are really of value, from worthless circumstances, and it is the work of a genius to crystallize peculiar mental and physical phenomena, objectively, into artistic form. Old Dutch and Flemish pictures are delightful; interiors of houses, where quaint furniture, partly in light, but mostly vague in sombre shadow, shows the habits, taste, and station of burghmaster or nobleman. America is voted unpicturesque, but, as we recall low-ceiled kitchens crossed by beams, with big, blackened fireplaces, iron fire-dogs, copper pots, and sooty cranes, mantel-pieces, with cupboard above them glistening with tin oil-cans and brass oil-lamps, that are always a little greasy and have a smell of whale-oil; the settees, and high framed clocks playing chimes at the hours and quarters, with a round-faced moon with red, plump cheeks and sleepy eyes above the dial-plate, the comical image slowly rising to show the condition of its prototype in its quivering; little wooden "crickets," and prim, straight-backed, small chairs, where the children and old women sit in corners; to say nothing of spinning-wheels and distaffs, flitches of bacon hanging down from iron pegs, bunches of onions; and the dresser, with its shining pots and pans—rooms that to this day are still inhabited by the wives and daughters of New-England farmers, whose neatness, thrift, and stern industry, appear in their abodes—who can fail to recognize that such a phase of life, thrown back into the foggy distance of the past, will be lighted and shaded by our memories, and raised by its very eccentricities to an historical interest, after the type-kitchens of the country are all abandoned to Biddy, with the range, hot and cold water pipes and boiler, refrigerators, and "set tubs;" or, to the heathen Chinee, and we don't know what appliances?

In the mood that prompted Irving to perpetuate Knickerbocker life for us by the pen; and Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe, New-England and Southern customs that are now nearly obsolete, Mr. E. W. Perry has produced a set of paintings of the oldest New-York and New-England life that still exists. To accomplish his design, he has brought to his work the most conscientious and thoughtful research. He has sought through the country on remote farms, and, in town, in obscure streets and courts, from which the life of the present has ebbed, and has found in the dwellings of old maiden ladies, and in the garrets and "lofts" of farm-houses, the subjects for his paint-brush. In these secluded spots, old garments have been shaken out of fold from ancient chests for his benefit, and old hospitalities have been revived by owners, who, for fifty years, have not been beyond the limits of their own poultry-yard or the village "meeting-house."

In finding new subjects, American artists have been very successful. Church and Bierstadt, followed by many others, have struck into paths till then untrodden. Mr. Perry is much less obtrusive in his subjects, yet we think that his vein is really more valuable than theirs. The "Rocky Mountains" and the "Great Plains" will endure, but, in a few years more, German, Irish, and Scandinavian habits will have so effaced the elementary life of this country, and a new wealth and education will have so far superseded its frugal and

thrifty habits, that old ways will exist only as the furniture of feeble memories in a departing generation; and, with the exception of a few specimens in our literature, they will leave no sign behind them.

Mr. Perry is this summer in Europe, studying in Holland and Belgium the masters and the methods by which he may better develop the peculiarities of his subjects, and push yet further the artistic feeling and completeness of his works. From time to time, we have noticed in the *JOURNAL* several of his pictures: the "Thanksgiving Time in New England," where the family, young and old, from grandfather to baby, are all engaged in preparations for the yearly festival. Good as the figures are in this picture, they yet serve but as "lay figures," over which the artist has disposed the drapery of the life, manners, and household customs of an old-fashioned New-England home. The boy in the "Clock Mender," too, is sweet and charming, but he and his old companion belong to all time and to humanity; not so the minute, thoughtfully-wrought mosaic of his surroundings, mellow and subdued in tone as autumn woods, and elaborate in detail as a scene in Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin."

Looking over Mr. Perry's portfolio of sketches, studied in odd corners, and at the pictures on the walls of his studio, we feel that American art owes him a great deal for his peculiar conceptions, and his return to his old subjects will be warmly welcomed with hopeful anticipations of new combinations, and added strength from his palette.

"Modern composers," says the *London Globe*, "have treated the music of the Mass from such an intensely dramatic point of view that the fitting execution of a great musical 'function' as of an opera on the stage. For many years past, however, the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have been studiously depriving it of one of the most important parts of its artistic machinery for fascinating impressible minds. The order issued by Dr. Manning, last October, forbidding the employment of female singers in the churches of his diocese, was one episode in a long war between the authorities and the Church composers. Rossini, whose music was always essentially theatrical, naturally protested with all his energy against throwing that form of song which requires the deepest emotion and the highest culture into the hands of slovenly and half-trained choir-boys. Now Signor Verdi has entered the field on the same side, and the battle is being waged over the grave of Manzoni. The ruling Church powers at Milan have refused to allow women to sing in the Funeral Mass which the chief Italian composer has written in memory of the greatest Italian novelist, and Signor Verdi has naturally refused to cut down his elaborate *soprano* and *contralto* music to the level and capacity of boy-choristers. The end—not of this particular quarrel, but of the entire war—will probably be to drive good performances of old ecclesiastical music out of the churches to the concert-rooms. Music in Roman Catholic churches will be no less theatrical; but, instead of being well done, it will be badly done. What worship is to gain by this result is rather hard to discover; but it is easy to see how much influence the Roman Catholic Church must inevitably lose."

To these remarks the *London Musical World* responds as follows: "We heartily agree with every word and syllable of the above. A more absurd prejudice than that which prohibits women from taking audible part in solemn worship, where men are allowed to do no, can

hardly be imagined, or one more logically inexplicable. Surely, if men have souls, so have women—'which,' to cite a quaint sentence of Sir Thomas Browne, 'is man also.' Further than this, the sentiment of religion is, in the majority of instances, impressed more deeply on the heart of woman than on the heart of man. No woman, unless she may happen to be a blue-stocking philosopher, is a skeptic. To the religion which she has been taught in childhood she firmly adheres through life; and thus a woman of firmness and spirit, provided she be not a mere bigoted devotee, is enabled to exercise an early and beneficial influence on her children, and does, for the most part, exercise it. This cannot be adduced of man, who has that to transact in the business of the world to which woman can contribute little or nothing advantageously, and from which, it is clear, the more steadily she keeps away the better for her. Heaven forbid that the new-fangled idea now zealously upheld in certain quarters—the idea of making woman neither more nor less than man in softer clothing—should ever attain general acceptance! The charm of woman is her unlikeness to man. But, when (to leave speculation) we come to the question of music, 'the divine art,' as it is not inaptly called, our argument is trebly strong—'refutation-tight,' as Shelley expresses it. The voice of woman, whether in speech or in song, is the loveliest sound of creation, not only when 'ever soft and low,' like that of King Lear's youngest daughter, but when, as in music, giving expression either to holy fervor or to passionate emotion. Do the great German masters, from J. S. Bach and Handel down to Spohr and Mendelssohn, abolish woman's voice from their sacred music! No; no more does Rossini, whose 'Stabat Mater,' we hold, with Heinrich Heine, is, from Rossini's point of view, as strictly and sincerely devotional as the 'Requiem' of Mozart."

An article in the last number of *Temple Bar*, entitled "Artists and Critics," gives several interesting anecdotes of Turner. "The best trait in Turner's character," it says, "was his total abstinence from disparagement of the works of his rivals and other contemporaries. When David Roberts exhibited his first picture, 'The Front of Rouen Cathedral,' at Somerset House, Turner pointed it out to Allan, with the remark, 'Here is a man we must have our eye upon!' On another occasion, when Turner was on the hanging committee, and his brethren suggested 'no room' for a meritorious picture by young Bird, Turner looked at it, and thereupon declared that, 'come what may, the young man's picture must have a place.' He was told, again and again, that it was impossible, through lack of space. Turner then silently moved away, took down one of his own works, and hung young Bird's in its place. There was, of course, some caprice in his conduct with respect to other artists. At one time, after the pictures were hung for exhibition, he heightened the brilliancy of a work of his own, that it might not suffer side by side with a glowing piece from the bright and graceful hand (which too early lost its cunning) of Geddes. Yet, in another year, he temporarily changed the golden sky of his 'Cologne' to a dun color, lest two portraits by Lawrence, on each side of it, should be killed by the contrast. Then, Turner's generously-truthful criticism of Girtin well merits being kept in remembrance. 'If poor Tom Girtin had lived, I should have starved,' was one of his remarks, full of homage. Not less was there in Turner's speech on looking at one of Girtin's drawings: 'Never in my whole life could

I make a drawing like that. I would have given one of my little fingers to be able to make one like it.' In similar spirit, Turner exclaimed, on seeing a marvelous effect of light in a Cuypp, 'I would give a thousand pounds to have painted that! But,' he said, as he gazed admiringly at another glowing copy of God's glorious work by the same artist, 'they would have called that too warm if I had done it.'"

The following very pathetic letter has been addressed to the *London Musical World* by one who once filled a distinguished place in the lyrical drama:

"SIR: Wandering alone about Covent-Garden Market (the refuge for outcasts), I was attracted by the play-bill hanging upon the walls of the theatre, announcing the 'state visit of the shah.' I hovered about my former home, jostled and trodden upon by the vulgar crowd, until the great potentate arrived, followed by princes, peers, nobles, and the wealthiest of the land. The sight brought tears—bitter, bitter tears—to my eyes as I looked on and thought of the position I once held upon the very stage that was to be occupied by foreign talent, and brought before the 'King of Kings,' who has been shown every thing English but 'English opera.' At both our national theatres he saw nothing but foreign talent. As I returned to 'my lodging upon the cold ground,' I, for once, gave up to despair of ever holding any position again; and, while all the leading composers and professors look upon my fallen state with such perfect apathy, and the patrons (!) of musical talent treat me with such profound contempt, I see no hope. I shall be left to die from sheer neglect of those whose duty it is at least to try what can be done for yours, obediently,

"MISS ENGLISH OPERA.

"DOORSTEP, OPERA COLONNADE."

For fifteen years together, Mademoiselle Teresa Titiens has been reigning in undisputed supremacy at Her Majesty's as the *prima donna assoluta*. Throughout the whole of that time her popularity has remained unclouded. She was recognized, at her first coming, upon the instant, as something more than what, in the conventional way, is often spoken of glibly as an acquisition. Her style was perceived to be of the noblest and loftiest, even when she first stepped upon the boards of John Nash's now vanished opera-house in the Haymarket. At twenty-four years of age she advanced calmly to the position held in succession before her advent by such peerless queens of song as Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Viardot-Garcia—each, in turn, acknowledged at her coming and going as unapproachable.

Mr. Bradford, the painter of polar scenery, is in England this summer, having carried there his pictures of last winter—paintings executed from the orders of a year ago, and which he places in the public exhibitions of London. One of these paintings of icebergs and a polar sea, and perhaps the most striking view of any, was executed to order for the queen. Mr. Bradford's paintings formerly lacked mellowness, and his disregard of the proper degrees of light and shade, frequently left the impression of crudity. But each year this difficulty has been more successfully overcome, till now, apart from their subject, they are among the best of our landscapes.

A new piece by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled "Arkwright's Wife," has been produced at Leeds, under the direction of the author. The early incidents of Arkwright's life, his intro-

duction to his future wife by going, in his capacity as a barber, to purchase her hair, and the destruction of his models by his wife's hands, are the main subjects of the drama, which have already been used in various novels, notably in a recent story in—if we remember right—*Good Words*. The piece was successful.

Literary Notes.

THE publication, in the "Leisure Hour Series," of Gustav Freitag's "Ingo," gives American readers an opportunity to see, in its very beginning, the great task that the German novelist has, if we understand aright, set himself to do. "Ingo" is the first of a series of stories in which the author designs to show the history of an individual race from very early times to the present; the first, that is, of a succession of tales which, while purely fictitious, shall nevertheless truthfully depict the progress of German civilization, by taking as heroes and heroines the members of a representative family and following them down through the centuries. But Freitag himself explains his purpose, in his dedication to the Crown-Princess Victoria, as clearly as can be desired; and he shows, too, that he fully appreciates the magnitude of his undertaking. The tales, he says, begin with "ancestors from the earliest time, and will, if the powers of the author and his pleasure in the work continue, be gradually carried on up to the last descendant—a vigorous fellow, who still wanders about under the German sun, without caring much about the deeds and sufferings of his forefathers. . . . Undoubtedly it is not for its pleasant shortness that the undertaking will be praised." In accordance with the author's plan, "Ingo," as the first of the series of tales, has its scene in the midst of the German forests and mountains, some fifteen centuries ago—its first chapter having its beginning in the year 357—a time, as Freitag says truly, "which the poet will understand more easily than the historian." We are ushered into the midst of a civilization which, to be somewhat paradoxical, is half barbarian still; among such scenes and characters as are pictured in the "Nibelungenlied," and, in the language of the novel, there is a ring of the old heroic ballads—a manner of diction which, though a little injured by a somewhat stiff and stilted translation, still has the spirit of the time kept in it with the skill of a careful and studious artist. The whole plan and conception of this work is new to Freitag, and so utterly different from his former writings that it requires a great deal of confidence in the versatility of his powers to believe that he will be entirely successful in it; but he has certainly encountered the difficulties of his beginning with a masterly skill, and his taste will grow easier as he approaches that present in which he has always found the most attractive action, if we may judge from his choice of subjects heretofore. We look with some impatience for the appearance of the next story of the series, and we take it for granted that Messrs. Holt & Williams will give it to us—it and its followers—in the same attractive and satisfactory form in which "Ingo" has appeared.

In the literary horizon a little cloud has arisen, no bigger than a man's hand, yet great enough to make us groan in spirit, for we know what it portends. A plague only second to those of Egypt is coming upon us, and there is to be a heavy rain of "society-nov-

els" over all the country. Not long ago that Æolus, who lets loose the veering winds of popular clamor, permitted to escape a little breeze, which went the round of the magazines and reviews, and whispered in each, with malignant seductiveness, "Where is the American society-novel? We have grown an old nation now; our civilization is old enough to have a romance of society—the society-novel *par excellence*—where is it?" Did the ambitious young (and old) men and women, each of whom had long felt it his or her destiny to write that work of genius, need more than this? That little breeze blew up the cloud whereof we have spoken, and already the first drizzling drops have fallen that herald the coming of the storm of books. Let him who may, seek shelter while there is yet time! "Never Again," a drop that made a prodigious splash, but has left no trace that can now be found; "Purple and Fine Linen," a disagreeable drop to put under the microscope and analyze; and now, "They Met by Chance, a Society-Novel, by Olive Logan," of which we would willingly say something better than of its predecessors, yet can only speak in negatives. It is not so hopeless as "Never Again," if you will, nor so dreadfully ludicrous as Mr. Fawcett's attempt; but, this much granted, all is told that may be. Its epigrams had become platitudes long before the beginning of the historic period, we are sure; its humor causes the heart of man to sink within him; its plot gives one a feeling of age and weariness. But these things shall not cease from the land until the great American society-novel is produced. It shall sprinkle and rain society-novels until the storm fairly exhausts itself; so let us adopt the sanguine creed of those who think the Great Book is really coming, hoping that by so believing we may be able to weather the preliminary showers of dreary volumes.

A very valuable contribution to literary history is Mr. John Fraser's "Scottish Chap-Books" (Henry L. Hinton, publisher), a careful and exhaustive monograph on the old and peculiar literature which, in the form of the coarsely-printed, cheap publications that peddlers and small tradesmen everywhere distributed in Scotland in the last century, exercised no little influence on all the lower classes of the people, and formed a singular feature of the time and country. "Chap-book," says Mr. Fraser, in his introductory chapter, "was the name given to almost every species of publication that was hawked round the country districts of Scotland last century—including broadsides of all kinds; humorous sketches, sacred and profane; political and sectarian squibs; histories, romantic and narrative; jest-books and manuals of instruction in dancing, cookery, charms, and the interpretation of dreams; ranging in prices from a farthing to sixpence and a shilling each. . . . Each volume consisted of a twenty-four page single sheet, duodecimo, execrably coarse in texture, dirty-gray or whity-brown in color, illustrated by one or more rough woodcuts, and printed in a rude and unfinished style of typography. In size and shape they were identical with their modern representatives, which are still issued in large numbers under the name of 'Penny Histories,' and are sold at country fairs and gatherings in Britain by traveling packmen. The prefix 'chap' meant 'to cheap or cheapen,' as in the word 'cheapening-place' meaning a market-place, hence the English Cheapside and Eastcheap." Almost all that there is to know about these quaint old curiosities of literature may be

found in Mr. Fraser's little treatise, which should be a part of every book-collector's library, as an invaluable guide to many old matters nowhere else so well set forth.

"Shooting on the Wing" (the Handicraft Publication Society) is a pleasantly-written, and, it seems to us, correct and practical treatise on the sportsman's art; a modest little book, but one from the reading of which a good deal of the right kind of knowledge is to be gained. By-the-way, we so thoroughly agree with what the anonymous author says in his preface about ordinary sporting manuals, that we quote the passage, premising that the volume before us very successfully avoids the errors referred to: "When compared with many of the larger and more expensive works now before the public, it may seem that the present volume is rather a small one; but we believe that it contains nearly every thing of any consequence that relates to the practice of the art. Most of the books on sporting are made large in order that the authors and publishers may reap a greater profit, and to this end the bulk is increased by endless discussions in regard to the history of sporting from the days of Nimrod down. They cannot tell us how to choose our powder without giving an account of Schwartz, Bacon, and others, to which is generally added a disquisition on the composition and mode of manufacture of powder, all of which is better adapted to the use of the superintendent of a powder-mill than of a sportsman. By leaving out all this irrelevant matter, we have saved a great deal of room."

The biography of the Rev. Alfred Cookman, by Henry B. Ridgway, D. D., is the story of an earnest and enthusiastic life—that of a Methodist clergyman of considerable note, whose memory is cherished with affection throughout the sect to which he belonged. As too often happens in these biographies, the story of the clergyman, whose sincere and manly face reads a much simpler lesson from the frontispiece, is told in a disagreeably florid style, with a phraseology which sometimes repels those who are not accustomed to its use. With a true respect for all earnest effort for good, and therefore with every attempt to commemorate it, we still submit that a biography would have more dignity and better effect if given without the verbiage sometimes expended, as often in this book. The body of the volume is, however, perhaps as simple as could be expected; but what must we say of such passages as this in the preface (by Bishop Foster)? "Mustering up the years to the drum-beat of each pulse, come joys and sorrows, hopes and loves. Young manhood, with its witching ardors and exciting but too delusive hopes, stands flushed with pride and ambition. Real life is in the offing. As yet, it opens with brightness and beauty. The gathering clouds show only the silver linings—it is morning, with the sweet breath of spring. But on behind these come other years. The dun level of middle manhood and mature age crowds quick upon the vanishing hold of youth," etc., etc. We cannot help thinking that the simple story of an earnest life would be better without this mixed metaphor in its telling. (Harper & Brothers.)

"Lynx-Hunting," by the author of "Camping Out," and edited by C. A. Stephens, is a good, healthy boys' book, though not without some awkwardness of literary style, apparently arising from the somewhat dangerous attempts of a very young writer to show the easy, sketchy manner of an old and practised

one. The story is of a winter's hunting in Maine, and there is a refreshing glow and excitement about it that makes it a decided promoter of energy in these languid summer days. (Osgood.)

Scientific Notes.

OUR readers will doubtless recall a recent discussion between Mr. Seth Green and Mr. A. B. Lamberton on the question, "Can fish hear?" Mr. Green, whose recognized acquaintance with the habits of the finny tribe certainly gives weight to his opinions, did not hesitate to take the negative of the argument, and cited instances where he had put the question to the test of practical experiment. On one instance, having stationed an observer near his trout-pond, he fired a gun as near the surface of the water as possible and not have the fish see the flash, and yet the observer failed to note any effect upon them. After the above experiment, he adds: "I took a long plank, and, standing back away from the pond, I slapped it down quickly on the ground, and the fish would make a quick start. This was because of the jar, and that is the only way that fish hear." As rebutting evidence, Mr. Lamberton cites Cuvier, Professor Cope, Isaak Walton, and others, the former of whom states that "it is probable that fishes hear; that noises produce in them a strong sensation; but that they cannot distinguish either the infinite variety of tones, or those articulate sounds with which quadrupeds and birds appear to be so vividly struck." With this and similar evidence from the testimony of others, the affirmative rest the case. In a recent number of *Land and Water*, Mr. Henry Lee, one of the curators of the Brighton Aquarium, directs attention to the question by citing several examples where it is evident that the porpoises contained in the aquarium tanks certainly heard the whistle used to call them to their meals. That they might not be attracted by the sight of any preliminary arrangements, a time was chosen other than that at which they were usually fed. Having placed an attendant where the movements of the fish could be watched, it was observed that at the first note of the whistle the porpoises instantly moved toward the end of the tank where it was their custom to feed. So far as this evidence of Mr. Lee's is pertinent, it only serves to prove that porpoises may hear. Indeed, from noting their action in particular, it would seem that the writer supports the view that they alone possess this faculty. The question as it now stands is by no means settled, and the field is yet open for the report and evidence of other observers. Should any of our readers be in the possession of facts having a bearing on the subject, we will willingly give place to them, as the question is one having a wider scope than might at first appear, its settlement involving many interesting points regarding the development of special organs as designed for special ends.

The application of compressed air for rail-car brakes, has led to a further adaptation of the same power for filling the tender-tanks with water. As the plan proposed will result in doing away with the complicated pumping apparatus now in use, as well as the stationary elevated tanks, it may be regarded as one of the most important of recent improved railway appliances, while the extreme simplicity of the method will at once commend it to the attention of engineers and contractors. The in-

vention is described in a recent English journal as follows: "At or near the bottom of a well, located near the track, a stout closed box is placed, with a valve on its under side, by means of which it is kept full by the pressure of the water in the well. From the top of this box are two pipes rising up above the ground; at the upper end of the one pipe, which extends to near the bottom of the box, is a branch for conveying water to the tender; while the other, which merely enters the box at its upper side, is fitted at the other end with a branch, which, by means of a length of flexible tubing and a union-joint, can be put in communication with a pipe on the locomotive connected to the compressed air-reservoir of the brake. This connection being made, the engine-driver can merely, by turning a cock, allow the compressed air to flow from the reservoir to the submerged tank, when it will, by pressing on the surface of the water in the latter, force this water up the rising main, and enable it to be discharged into the tender-tank. On a sufficient supply of water having been raised, the cock is shut, the joint with the air-cylinder disconnected, and the compressed air from the submerged tank escaping allows the bottom valve to open, and the tank becomes again charged ready for another operation.

The announcement comes from Washington that the chief of the Signal-Service Bureau declines to designate any member of his staff to accompany Professor Wise in his anticipated balloon voyage across the Atlantic. To the credit of the service it should be added that twenty volunteers have already come forward and expressed their willingness to undertake the journey. While there can be no doubt but that the action of the bureau is, in this instance, wise and just, yet it is to be hoped that the crew of the *Graphic* will count among its numbers at least one trained, skilled, and unbiased observer, who, having no pet theory to defend or maintain, will be able to give his whole attention to the mere recording of facts and phenomena as they appear, leaving the shaping of theories and laws to those whose long practice, experience, and knowledge, better fit them for the work. While we are by no means confident as to the result of this daring venture, yet there seem to be abundant reasons for believing that it may be successful. But whether the success will be followed by results commensurate with the expense and danger attending their accomplishment, seems to be a question doubtful in the extreme.

A foreign journal notices the following ingenious method by which the traverses of an iron bridge were brought together after having been slightly misplaced. During the construction of the bridge at Kuilenborg, Holland, one of the principal traverses, some four hundred and sixty-five feet in length, was placed one inch too far on the piles. This error was rectified in the following manner. It having been calculated that the expansion of this mass of metal was .0294 inches for every degree Fahrenheit, one end of the traverse was bolted down in the night; as day approached, the expansion began, and, as the increase of temperature was 25° Fahr., the free end of the traverse advanced each day .985 parts of an inch. When the hour of the day was reached that the heat was greatest, the bolts were changed to the opposite end, and the contraction which followed the decrease of temperature caused a shrinkage of the mass with a continuance of the movement. Thus, in two days a work was accomplished which, but for this ingenious method, might have taken a far greater time

and the expenditure of enormous physical force.

We learn from *Nature* that the executive committee of the fund for erecting a memorial to the late John Stuart Mill have resolved that a portion of the funds raised be devoted to erecting a bronze statue of Mr. Mill in some public situation in the city of Westminster, which he for a time represented in Parliament, the remainder of the funds to be applied to the foundation of scholarships open to the competition of candidates of both sexes in mental science and political economy. It will be left to subscribers to the fund to designate to which of these purposes they wish their subscriptions to be devoted. Although Mr. Mill's work was for the world, we have yet to learn that any of the other countries are yet active in this memorial movement. What say Americans?

In his recent energetic and successful efforts toward guarding the health of our city, Professor Chandler has but justified the best hopes and convictions of his many friends. Having improved the occasion of his appointment to congratulate both science and the public on the securing of so learned and devoted a public servant, we now with renewed pleasure commend his acts to the consideration of all those who have had placed in their keeping the rich treasure of a city's life and health. Nor can we refrain—in view of the recent market contest—in making special notice of the energy and zeal with which Professor Chandler has enforced every measure that he deemed essential to the health and well-being of our citizens.

In a recent letter addressed to an English horticultural journal, Dr. Hooker takes the ground that the formation of honey-dew may take place independently of any insect agency, although there seems little doubt but that, by the action of *aphides*, a more copious secretion is often obtained. Having carefully watched the formation of honey-dew upon the leaves of the lime, he discovered that during hot and sunny weather the upper surfaces of the leaves, including those on the extreme branches, became uniformly speckled with honey-dew, and yet a careful examination of the leaves so marked disclosed no *aphides*. Hence the conclusion that its formation is a function of the plant itself.

A manufacturer in Saxony claims to have discovered a method by which certain alloys of aluminium may be advantageously used in the manufacture of hair-springs for clocks and watches. Hitherto the main difficulty in effecting this was that the rolling and drawing of the metal destroyed its elasticity, and it is in overcoming this obstacle that the novelty of the discovery consists. To effect this, the wire or band, after having been drawn or rolled to a proper size, is submitted to the action of a plane of peculiar construction, and afterward trimmed to the proper size by grinding. The superiority of these springs over those of steel consists in their being less likely to oxidize, free from the action of magnetism, and less brittle.

Among the recent and ingenious devices for utilizing the electric spark, is that which substitutes it for the ordinary flint or percussion cap on fire-arms. By the aid of a small galvanic battery, within the handle of the pistol or gun, or by the convenient arrangement of a Leyden jar and rubber, the current is generated, and conducted by a wire to the cartridge. The contact of the wire with the cartridge may be effected by a simple press-pin or lever.

M. Bert, as the result of recent researches on the influence of change in barometric pressure upon vegetable life, has discovered that on diminishing the pressure on wheat, barley, and turnips, the germination is proportionally slower. With an increase of pressure to two or three atmospheres, the seeds appear to profit somewhat; at very high pressure, however, the seed is killed; it is also killed when submitted to compression after development has commenced.

The Astronomer Royal of England has at last yielded to the urgent demands of Mr. Proctor and Professor Adams, and consented to the establishment of observing parties for the coming transit of Venus in the Southern Hemisphere. We also learn that Mr. Proctor, at the suggestion of Professor Adams, has addressed an urgent appeal to American astronomers to aid in finding and providing for an adequate number of antarctic and sub-antarctic stations.

By the aid of the pancreas taken from kittens and puppies, an Italian physician claims to have determined that the pancreatic juice of all young animals, including babes, is like the saliva, incapable of converting starch into sugar. Should these conclusions be just, it is at once apparent that all starchy food should be withheld from young infants.

M. Colas attributes the blue color of the water of certain lakes—Lake Geneva, for instance—to the presence of minutely-divided gelatinous silica. The blue color of the sky is credited to the same cause, the particles of silica being very freely divided, and of a gelatinous nature.

It is stated that the engineer who superintended the electric-light arrangements on the occasion of the late *fêtes* at Constantinople for the sultan's accession, awaked the following morning quite blind. It is believed, however, that his sight will be restored.

A complete and economical electric insulator, may be prepared by adding to vegetable tar certain of the oxides of lead. The solid substance thus obtained is said to possess remarkable insulating powers.

Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

A BELGIAN journal gives the details of a peculiarly frightful tragedy which was perpetrated last month in one of the villages of that kingdom. A young girl in service at Brussels had saved a little fortune of eighteen hundred francs, and, hearing that her mother was ill and required her care, she left for home by rail, alighting about a league distant therefrom. To reach her destination she would have to pass a gloomy wood; so, fearing the dangers of the way, she resolved to pass the night at the house of an uncle who lived near. She accordingly knocked up her relations, and, having told her story and her fears, she was put into the room of a female cousin who was away at work. While lying awake in the middle of the night, she heard a conversation which filled her with horror; her hosts were planning to murder her for the money she carried. Thereupon she leaped from the window, and fled, half naked, until, utterly exhausted, she met two gendarmes. After she had told them what had happened, they led her back to her uncle's house, where a light was observed in a distant part of the garden. The gendarmes approached the spot silently, and found that both the uncle and the aunt were engaged in burying a body enwrapped in a

blood-stained cloth. The cloth was suddenly snatched away, and the murderers uttered a cry of horror. The victim was their own daughter, who, having come home late, had crept up-stairs quietly so as not to awake her parents, and had been killed in mistake for her cousin. The aunt went mad on the spot, and the uncle stabbed himself from remorse and dread of the consequence of his crime.

The *Saturday Review* remarks how seldom in our experience the youth of "great abilities and promise" develops into the "great man," and adds: "There is, indeed, the gratifying reflection that our judgment of what constitutes success is to the full as fallible as our judgment of the talents by which it can be commanded. Many of the men whom we calmly set down as failures may have been doing as much as those who have made ten times as much noise in the world. A great deal of the best work in the world is anonymous, if we do not confine the term to writing. The rising genius who has sunk out of sight may have profoundly influenced his generation, though we cannot trace the channels through which it has operated. A man who might have been a bishop and has become a quiet clergyman in a retired parish is popularly said to have failed; but even quiet clergymen may frequently sow the seeds of thoughts and works of which they will never reap any conspicuous harvest in this life. And, fortunately, the power of doing good service unobtrusively is not confined to the clergy."

The Belgian Government has recently ordered securely-locked letter-boxes to be placed in all the insane asylums of the country, public or private, in positions where they will be easily accessible by all of the inmates. They are designed to allow complaints and suggestions to be made to the authorities in a way independent of any of the officers or attendants; and no one connected with the institution can have access to them. They are in charge of the *procureur du roi* of the district, and the letters they contain are taken to him weekly for examination; the complaints are investigated, and if any one asserts that he is sane, he is ordered to be examined by medical experts. The system exerts a wholesome and beneficent influence; and, if recent revelations concerning the management of similar institutions in this country are to be trusted, its adoption here should be brought about at once.

A correspondent, writing from Zurich on the subject of the Russian women students in that city, against whom the late ukase is directed, points out that the university has brought this loss—if loss it be—upon itself by the loose system of admission which it has allowed to grow up. Matriculation has come to be permitted on such slight examination as to be a mere pretext for collecting in the place a host of idle young women belonging to democratic societies, and forming a part of a society of emigrants avowedly hostile to the Imperial Government, whose territories they have temporarily left. There have been honorable exceptions in the way of genuine Russian women students of modest demeanor and studious habits. But a large class are distinguished chiefly by their noisy manners, their habit of smoking in public, their inattention to the class they have nominally entered, and their appearance at all meetings of a radical character.

An article in the *Athenæum* on "Intellectual Culture in Italy" describes a lecturer of the Florence University, Signor Sactario R. Trezza, as follows: "A man endowed by Nature with a fiery eloquence and a faculty of investing with a poetic halo what in some hands would be the driest bones of dead knowledge, that fairly holds his audience spellbound. A grand voice, capable of every inflection necessary to the expression of every emotion, a memory worthy of a Macaulay, and a range of reading supplying him with an inexhaustible fund of illustration, are the gifts that combine to make Signor Trezza a truly wonderful lecturer. Without a single note or memorandum, he pours forth in a torrent of well-chosen words learned disquisitions on the Latin writers, and proffers careful analyses of the profoundest subjects in the guise of brilliant improvisations."

Herr Panovetz, who was quite a celebrity in Viennese theatrical circles, died the other

day, leaving a considerable fortune, which he had gained in the exercise of his profession. He was chief *claqueur* of the Theater an der Wien, and all the members of the theatre, from the highest to the lowest, were in the habit of employing him, while some of them used to take him on their provincial tours. Of late years his success in gaining applause for his clients on the stage was so great that he was paid very handsomely for his services, especially at first performances, when both the actresses and their admirers loaded him with presents. He sometimes had as many as forty young men under him, when it was thought necessary that applause should be unusually loud and vigorous; but he generally employed a much smaller number, preferring, as he said, "quality to quantity."

Dr. Robert Chambers tells of an eccentric Scotchman, named William T—n, a book-maker by profession, in London, who wrote a bulky volume about the year 1805 to prove that Napoleon Bonaparte's real name was John Oswald, and that he was the son of a jeweler in Edinburgh. This Oswald was a person who had left his native country about twenty years before, and engaged himself as a soldier in the army of the French Republic, in which it was known in Scotland that he had attained some command. He was a man of great courage and enterprise, and an enthusiastic admirer of Ossian's poems—all which Bonaparte was known to be. Upon this slender foundation T—n contrived to raise a vast superstructure of argument and conjecture, which might have made some impression on the world if the real history of Bonaparte and his family were not so well known.

A large number of the leading artificial flower-makers of Paris have combined to send to the Vienna Exhibition a specimen of their united skill, which will prove incontestably that the capital of France still reigns supreme in the matter of artificial-flower manufacture. This patriotic contribution consists of a complete greenhouse, filled with flowers of every description, perfectly imitated. In it are hyacinths, the illusion of which are the fibres thrown out by the roots; bouquets, in which one sees the flower freshly blown, and the bud which has been in existence but two hours; wild-flowers, the soft, gray down of which seems ready to float away. The whole work is said to be a marvel of patience and artistic and manual skill.

The late Mr. Grote was an intimate friend and personal admirer of John Stuart Mill, but he was entirely opposed to nearly all the social and economical doctrines which Mill latterly endeavored to promulgate. "I deeply regret," he said on one occasion, "the mischievous teaching of John Mill. He has abandoned the true principles of political economy. He seems to me to have a fanatical hatred against the rich, simply because they are rich. I verily believe he is doing more injury than any man in the present day by his attempts to confiscate property under the plea of the 'uneearned increment' of land, and by his other socialistic doctrines."

Herr Stephan, the German postmaster-general, has drawn up the plan which will be laid before the International Congress, to meet at Berne, in September. The chief features of the plan are a uniform international postage of threepence for each half-ounce letter, and one penny for a newspaper. Separate provisions are made for the transit of patterns and book-parcels under certain conditions, and for the insurance of letters up to a value not to exceed fourteen thalers (about ten dollars gold). Germany and Switzerland have acceded to the scheme, and all the leading governments of Europe, together with the United States, have been invited to consider it.

In his "Éléments de Statistique," M. Moreau de Jonnés gives a table of the number of marriages which are effected annually in the principal countries of Europe. Ireland comes first, with one marriage for each ninety inhabitants; France is sixteenth, with one for one hundred and twenty-two; England twenty-seventh, with one in one hundred and thirty-seven; Tuscany twenty-eighth and last, with one in one hundred and forty-three. According to these figures, the English, notwithstanding their reputed headstrong imprudence, actu-

ally marry less in proportion than the prudent, calculating French, who balance things so carefully, and look before they leap.

A fish was caught the other day, at a fishing-station in Shetland, which on being opened, was found to contain a human left hand, perfectly entire. Decomposition had not yet set in, and it is therefore thought that the hand cannot have been long swallowed by the fish, and, from its rather small size and the absence of all traces of hard work, it is supposed to be that of a lady. No conjecture even as to how it came into possession of the fish could be made, and the incident altogether seems specially designed for the sensational and sentimental journalists.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine will take place as soon as the Germans have quitted French territory. Admiral Trehouart will preside, as there is no marshal who can act as president; and the other members of the court will be General Count de Schramm, whose promotion dates from 1832; the Duc d'Aumale, who has been a general of division since 1843; and Generals d'Aurelle de Paladines, De Martimprey, De la Motterouge, and Vinoy.

The last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has an elaborate article on General Lee, which is scarcely less eulogistic in its terms and conclusions than the one which appeared lately in the *Edinburgh Review*. It thinks that Lee and President Lincoln were by far the greatest figures of our civil war.

A Texas preacher has found a new way of securing good behavior on the part of his congregation. Stopping in the middle of his sermon, he raised a convenient rifle, and, addressing himself to a slightly obstreperous parishioner, said, warmly: "William Dello, sit down, or I'll make it painful for you." William, not having his revolver convenient, took this mild hint, and sat down to the proper enjoyment of his Christian privileges.

French vine-culturists now protect their vines from the blighting spring frosts by the use of the smoke of coal-tar. They place small caldrons of the tar at intervals of about fifty yards from each other and two hundred yards away from the vines, in the direction of the wind, and, as soon as the grass shows traces of frost, set them on fire. The smoke completely protects the vines.

A writer in the Paris *Temps*, discussing the origin of the word "ahah," says: "A last remark I dedicate to chess-players. Do they know the origin of the word 'checkmate'? It is a literal translation of the Arabic *Ea-cheikh smat*: the sheik (king) is dying."

A block of stone from Easter Island, Polynesia, weighing three thousand kilogrammes, has been deposited in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. It represents the head of an idol, rudely carved, of which the nose alone is a yard in length.

The Committee of the Superior Council of Public Instruction in France, charged with the revision of the famous circular of M. Jules Simon on education, has pronounced unanimously for the reestablishment of the Latin verses, and will also resuscitate the practice of Greek themes.

The London *Spectator* thinks that, if the present majority "will only rule France for another year, and debate as they do once a week, monarchy will have become impossible, and the Duc de Broglie will be in London, representing with great fidelity and dignity—M. Gambetta."

The new Spanish Constitution is the American system, simply with only three important changes. The president cannot be reelected, but he can suspend the guarantees of liberty when needful, and he is absolute over all means of communication.

Heine hated England and the English. He said once: "I am firmly convinced that a blaspheming Frenchman is a spectacle more pleasing in the eyes of the Lord than a praying Englishman."

Mr. Bayard Taylor says the galleries at the Vienna Exposition show more clearly than any thing else how enormously modern French art is in advance of that of all other nations.

The Committee of Decentralization in the French Assembly propose to give two votes each to married men, while bachelors have to content themselves with one.

George Eliot says she has no intention of coming to this country, as was recently reported.

A temperature of eighty-five degrees is such "extraordinary heat" in London that it is considered worthy of a cable-telegram.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is expected to visit England before the end of the year.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JULY 25.—Hurricane at Macon City, Mo. Two persons killed, several injured.

Death, at Cincinnati, O., of Stephen Moliter, an eminent German-American journalist.

English papers announce the death of Rev. Julian Young, son of Charles Mayne Young, the actor, and author of a book of reminiscences of his father and of many public men. Death by accidental burning is also announced of Mrs. Arthur Clive, aged seventy, author of the novel "Paul Ferroll."

JULY 26.—Steamer Jennie Howell sunk by striking a snag at Curlew Point, on the Ohio, and four passengers drowned.

Death of the Rev. S. S. Schumacher, D. D., Emeritus Professor in the Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa., a distinguished Lutheran theologian. Death, at Ludlow, Vt., of Major Wallace M. Spear, chief engineer of the Norfolk (Va.) Navy-yard.

Rumor that the Russian Government had ordered General Kaufman to undertake an expedition against the Toorkomans.

The Spanish government-troops attack Valencia, held by the Internationals. After a five hours' fight, the rebels offer to capitulate, but refuse an unconditional surrender which the government demands.

Dispatches that President Salmeron had issued a proclamation calling out eighty thousand men of the reserves, and that the Cortes had passed a bill suppressing the Admiralty.

JULY 27.—Dispatch of the capture of Reus, by the Carlists under Don Alfonso. Intelligence that five thousand inhabitants of Mataro had fled to Barcelona, fearing an attack on Mataro by the Carlists. Fighting in Malaga between opposing republican factions.

Cholera appears in Helsingborg, Sweden. Accident on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad near Altamont, Md. Three men killed and three injured.

JULY 28.—Dispatch of a destructive tornado at Amoy, China, 21st inst.

The Carlists are repulsed at Berga, and raise the siege; they also retreat from Bilboa.

Intelligence that the Spanish Government had broken up a meeting of Intransigentes at Alcaniz, in Aragon, and arrested twenty-four persons present.

JULY 29.—The French Assembly pro rogued. Dispatch that the extreme Left resolved to form a Vigilance Committee, to sit after each meeting of the Permanent Committee during the recess.

Dispatch of a Carlist victory near Pampluna.

Intelligence that the Spanish Internationals at Cartagena, having been notified that Germany and England would treat the rebel ships as pirates, threatened to retaliate by massacring every consul and foreigner in Cartagena.

JULY 30.—Numerous cholera cases reported in Vienna, Austria.

General Makenna assumes command of the republican forces in Catalonia, Spain. Intelligence of the flight of over one hundred and seventy priests from Spain into France.

Advices of two victories by the insurgents in Manzanillo, Cuba.

The Mexican revolutionist, Lozada, reported captured on the 14th inst.; also the Tepic war ended.

The Internationals under Contreras bombard Almeria; his demand for fifty thousand

pesetas and the evacuation of the city by the Civil Guard being refused. They attempt to disembark, but are compelled to retreat to their vessels by the republican troops.

Death, at Norway, Me., of Governor Crockett.

JULY 31.—The British Parliament grants the Duke of Edinburgh twenty-five thousand pounds a year on his marriage with the Grand-duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia.

Dispatch that the Carlists had been driven from the town of Maradebes by the Spanish republicans under Navarro; also that one hundred and ten Internationals had been expelled from the loyal town of Loya in Navarre. Intelligence that the Internationals at Cartagena had appointed a provisional directory for the Canton of Murcia, with Arana, Ferrer, Carlos, Sauvalle, and Rubio, as members. Contreras appointed President of the Council and Minister of Marine; Señor Garcia, Minister of State; Señor Ferrer, Minister of War; Señor Romero, Minister of Public Works; Señor Sauvalle, Minister of Finance.

Seven hundred Internationals from Cartagena capture the town of Orihuela, and march on the city of Alicante. The Internationals at Seville, under Pierrard, attempt to destroy the city by means of petroleum, but the government troops prevail and extinguish the fires.

AUGUST 1.—Dispatch that Don Carlos had entered Biscay. Intelligence that the revolutionary junta at Granada had directed the seizure of state property, churches, convents, and bell-foundries.

Notices.

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